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DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

S. B., AND S. K. L., EDITORS PRO TEM. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1842 VOL. XXI.—NO 16

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

CHRISTIAN DENOMINATION.

Messrs. Editors,—I have noticed with pleasure of late frequent friendly allusions to the 'Christians' and am desirous, as I doubt not others of your readers are also, to hear more concerning them. I have had an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with some of their ministers, and also of reading some of their publications, and have been highly gratified to observe the excellent spirit which they manifested, and the vigorous and manly tone of their writings. There are many active and free spirits among them, who have, with but little assistance excepting their own inherent good sense, and the action of their own minds, thrown off many of those corruptions of Christianity, which we believe to be so injurious to its successful progress. They are substantially with us upon the most important points of our faith, and all that is wanted to bring them st ll nearer to what we regard as the standard of truth, is a better opportunity for study and investigation. They themselves are not insensible of the disadvantages under which they labor in this respect On the contrary they are with their usual ardor, turning their attention to this defect in their system, and I doubt not that a remedy will soon be applied. In confirmation of this statement, I insert the following extract from the 'Christian Herald' published at Exeter, N. H.

'The question is, are we right as a denomination in the general course we are pursuing? Are we right that we have no efficient domestic missions amongst us Are we right that we have no foreign missions established among us? Are we right that we have not a single College or University under our patronage? Are we right that there is so little anxiety felt to furnish ample funds to sustain literary institutions among us? Are we right that the ministers do not urge upon their congregations the importance of liberality in these things? Are we right while every Church seems to suppose they have no duty to do beyond sustaining the cause among themselves? And finally, are we not as a denomination entirely wrong in all these things? These habits have been with us from the beginning, and they have almost been regarded as part and parcel with our religion. But these habits are, and always have been a curse to the Christian Connection. I say they are a curse to us, and to foster and encourage them, would eventually overthrow and ruin the whole Connection.'

This is not a solitary instance of the expression of such sentiments, but is taken from one communication among many of a similar character to be found not only in this paper but also in the 'Christian Palladium' another of their papers published at Union Mills, N. Y.

My design in these remarks is to awaken a deeper sympathy between your readers, and this large and respectable class of Christians. I believe this to be an object much to be desired, and could it be accomplished so far as to induce a union among them for the support of public worship in some of our thinly settled districts, it would be a mutual benefit and relief to the parties concerned.

This would be especially true in regard to some parts of the west, where there are small numbers of each of the denominations, neither of which are able *separately* to sustain public worship, but *unitedly* they would find no trouble in so doing.

In order to further the object I have in view, I send you a few extracts from an article 'on man' found in the 'Palladium mentioned above, hoping that you will second my efforts by giving in future occasionally others from the same source. I know not whether these papers (the Herald and Palladium) are numbered amongst your exchanges, but if not, I am sure that you would find them worthy of a place in your list.

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On Man.

BY ELDER E. G. HOLLAND.

'I will now state a few reasons, why I think that true, ennobling views of human nature are of the highest moral consequence.—Right sentiments on this subject, thoroughly established in the heart of society, I have great reason to think, would most powerfully change its principles and conduct for the better. And I am satisfied that oppression, immorality and irreligion will never die, till man awakes to a just sense of his *native inherent* dignity as a human being. A glance, will show, that the most *degrading views* of our common nature, lie at the bottom of the grossest infidelity, oppression, and crime.

But the *improvement of mind*, is immediately and powerfully affected by the view we entertain of man. Man never will take his proper stand as an intellectual being, in the universe of God, until he so far 'knows himself,' as to obtain the strongest faith in his capacity for truth and for progress.—Thousands who slumber in ignorance and idleness this hour, would awake to *newness* of life, in the culture of their minds, were they only inspired with a due degree of faith in the *progressive nature* of the neglected, abused and enslaved mind within them Let this strong faith arise in the soul of the multitude and it would elevate them! They would then see that the noblest and brightest manifestations of mind the world has ever seen, are but extraordinary developements of their own nature, and under such a faith, they must feel that the germs of the most admired greatness are within themselves. On the contrary, if our nature be so worthless and corrupt, who can feel a strong interest in its improvement? Who wishes to spend his days in the tillage of the most rocky soil, when the idea haunts him at every step, that the soil is so poor that it never can produce? Feeble efforts are the natural fruit of a feeble faith.'

'The sins of the world, numberless and appaling as they are, I have said attest the superiority and excellence of man's nature. For every transgression is in opposition to his *own consciousness* of what is true and good. Otherwise there is no conscience of sin, no rebuke, no remorse. 'There is no peace to the wicked—like the troubled sea they *cannot* rest.' And why? Not that God descends in miraculous powers and gives them discontent and uneasiness, but sin, which is the *disorder* and *disease* of the wicked, has so deranged the true and *natural* state of the soul, that it *cannot* rest—the conscience, the moral sense, is so strong in human nature, that it will not allow them peace. Sin is awful, and not a word would I say to make any one think lightly of it.—But *whence* does sin derive its awful and dreadful character? Not from the many words that have been uttered aginst it,—surely, but from the *injury*, and the *destruction*, it gives to the noblest work of God. Sin is the ruin of God's noblest work, the destroyer of his own image. No man weeps when he sees a rotten, worthless fabric tumbling to the ground. It is the noble work which he dreads to see fall into ruin. And is there not occasion for weeping, when *man*, sins and casts away his soul?' * * *

'If Man's nature is totally depraved, how happens it, that in his nature, there are excellent *moral* ideas? How happens it, that bright ideas of justice, righteousness, love, and holiness are found in the human mind? To me, the possession of such ideas, their very *existence* is a strange fact, if our common nature is only capable of evil thoughts, feelings, and deeds. And so it must be to every one, who undertakes to account for them, in a rational manner, in as much as they are proofs, invincible evidences that in man, there is a rich moral nature, however neglected, and uncultivated its condition may be.

The glorious attributes of God, which furnish the loftiest and most purifying ideas, of which mind is capable, are to some extent understood and realized by men. By this I mean, that the soul, the higher nature of man, whatever it may be, is capable of realizing the greatest moral ideas, the most sanctifying spiritual views. But how has man this capacity? There is no other being, there is no other nature on earth, that can trace the attributes of God, and realize the sentiments of holiness, righteousness and divine love. I care not what assistance is rendered, unless a being can, by his own nature feel conscious of the moral verities laid before him, he can know nothing of them.' * * *

'Does the outward universe bear the marks, the evidences that it was designed by the Great Creator, as the home and school of a being totally depraved? When this world was formed, it was chiefly designed as the home and dwelling place of man, its rightful lord and proprietor. And it his creation there was a fine connexion setween his *condition* and *character*, his nature, which was in the image of God. Both were made to correspond. And to suppose that no connexion or fitness exists between man and that natural condition furnished by the Almighty is to overlook a primary principle of true wisdom. What then, does this wide world with its continents, rivers, islands, forests, mountains, vales, fields, and oceans declare on this subject? Why was such a vast system, so full of order, beauty, and utility spread out before us? And all this system, is done upon by a glorious orb of light, the sun. In the midst of such a system, God has placed man, as the only minister and interpreter of his works. No doubt, that the chief design of such an arrangement is to make superior and useful impressions on the mind of man, at least they are capable of such an effect. Without order, reason could never grow, without a universe of power, energy of mind and character would be wanting. The moral impression, which man may, if he will, derive from this source, render all nature a spiritual ministry.

But on the hypothesis, that man by nature, is totally depraved, I would sincerely inquire, where is the connexion between such a being, and the universe in which he is placed? Where is the correspondence? —Remember man, is not placed here as an inferior animal, but as one 'having dominion over the works of His hands.' If man truly is by his very nature, what a cruel theology has made him, this world to correspond with him, should be a rayless dungeon, a starless, sunless, gloomy, and totally horrible place. Men have generally supposed that there is a striking resemblance between the natural and moral world, but I imagine it would be impossible to ascertain a plain adaptation between man, as the system I oppose makes him, and the outward visible creation, for none exists. It follows that man is not what the popular theology has made him, or that God has failed to make the least adaptation between man, and the universe, in which he is placed. Which conclusion is to be preferred? I need not ask.

I hardly know where to stop in making my selections, and were it not for the length of the piece I should send you the whole, as I think that it would well repay an attentive perusal. S.

THE EARTHLY OPPORTUNITY FOR FAITH.

In order to make it perfectly plain to all future ages, that the opportunity for faith is along the path of our earthly necessities, we have the example of the wilderness. When God would institute an extraordinary school, at once a specimen to all times, and the opportunity for training a growing generation to put their trust in Him, did he separate his pupils from earthly necessities and anxieties, from earthly abundance and enjoyment? Did he command forgetfulness of earth, that he might cherish the desire and hope of heaven? Rather, did he not order that special school of faith, amidst circumstances which quickened and increased the pain of necessity, and the joy of abundance? Did he not give the occasion and the opportunity for faith in the barren desert, and over the flinty rock, where neither food nor drink nor raiment could be obtained for forty years, by any toil or device of man? Did he not cherish faith by abundant supplies to mere natural necessities, by water from the rock, by manna from the skies, and by raiment ever new from year to year? 'Thou shalt remember,' says Moses, in the review, 'all the way which the Lord thy God led thee, these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments or no. And he humbled thee and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know, that he might make thee to know, that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, doth man live.'

The New Testament, no doubt, brings eternal things more gloriously before the mind; but by no means with the design of changing the ancient opportunity of faith Indeed it has seemed to me that the Old Testament examples are made over of express design in our Lord's commendation of Nathaniel, at the very opening of the Christian dispensation; 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.' I know it might have been, that Nathanael was abstracted from earth even to the third heavens, when he was under the fig-tree: but the name of victory, which his great ancestor gained in connection with an earthly conflict, and the reference to Jacob's still earlier vision at Bethel, render it more just to suppose that he must have been occupied intensely with the necessities and fears of the present life; with some question of guidance along his earthly path; perhaps of food to eat, and raiment to put on, and of dangers to be escaped; and that he had calmly trusted, like Jacob, in sight of ascending and descending angels; and, as a prince, had power with God and had prevailed. The like may be said of the Apostle's sublime appeal in the 12th Heb.; in view of that 'cloud of witnesses, who sought a heavenly country by faith, amidst the necessities and conflicts of time; and who are enrolled in testimony, that faith on earth, is the 'substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things *not seen*.' Such, too, is the testimony of the New Testament witnesses themselves. They gained their victories, also, amidst the tolngs of time. Take for instance, St. Paul. It was not in the seclusion of the cave or the cloister, or in indifference and forgetfulness to all earthly things, but amidst the commonest necessities, that he said; 'I know both how to be abased and how to abound. Everywhere and in all things, I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.' It was not in seraphic contemplation, but amidst the anguish of a thorn in the flesh, that he received the blessed assurance, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness,' and that he said; 'Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong.'

But the most affecting, the most overcoming proof that the occassions of earth are designed as the opportunity for faith, is furnished by the earthly history of our Lord;—I theme, I fear to injure by my touch. Strange that the stoicism of the pagan world should still have place, where the earthly history of Jesus is known: Strange that earthly necessities should be rated unimportant, and all deep interest in them regarded as unchristian, when our Redeemer became fitted for his office by his infirmities, that he might be touched by the feeling of our own; when his sufferings and anxieties and reliefs, along the common path of life, were designed to prepare our bolder coming to the throne of grace! Strange that holiness should be measured by indifference to earthly good, and faith required to pass beyond it and fasten only on the things eternal, when the Sinless has left us an example of weariness longing for rest, of hunger for food, of thirst for drink, and of the traveller for the evening hospitality: when He *dreaded* the cup which was given him to drink, and prayed if it were possible that it might pass from him. And stranger still, that every necessity, and suffering, and anxiety, should not be welcomed as the opportunity 'of coming unto God,' through the great Intercessor;—when we know that, 'passed into the heavens,' 'he is touched with the feeling of our infirmities;' and considers as *his own*, the hunger, and the thirst and the loneliness, and the nakedness, and the sickness of every soul of man that trusteth in him: so tenderly, so distinctly, so personally, that when he shall sum up the history of earth, he shall be able to say to the instruments of relief: 'I was hungry and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in: I was naked and ye clothed me: I was sick and in prison and ye visited me!'—*Samuel Nott, Jr.*

HOPE.

True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself,—its own integrity and worth.

Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good,—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is its best physician.

To seek to govern men by their fears and their wants is an unworthy purpose; the desire to rule by means of cowardice is itself cowardice. Love inspires courage and hope, and thus is doubly the giver and the preserver of life.

Whatever teaches us boldly to combat the manifold doubts and assaults of life enables us to win the crown of victory Special care ought therefore to be taken in education to teach what true courage is,—as well in social and domestic, as in public affairs,—and by what means it may best be sustained.—*Mrs. Austin German Prose Writer.*

RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.

Many among you may think it inexpedient to speak frequently, or indeed ever, except on occasions of great solemnity, of religion,—and to this I shall not attempt to reply. But the world cannot forbid you to manifest the spirit of religion in a holy life. You may therefore show forth its essence in every act and deed; even the most ordinary and trivial affairs and relations of life need not be devoid of the expression of a pious heart. Let the deep and sacred feeling which inspires and governs all your actions, show that even in those trifles over which a profane mind passes with levity, the music of a lofty sentiment echoes in your heart; let the majestic serenity with which you estimate the great and the small, prove that you refer every thing to the Immutable,—that you perceive the Godhead alike in every thing; let the bright cheerfulness with which you encounter every proof of our transitory nature, reveal to all men that you live above time and above the world; let your easy and graceful self-denial prove how many of the bonds of egotism you have already broken; and let the ever quick and open spirit from which neither what is rarest nor most ordinary escapes, show with what unwearied ardor you seek for every trace of the Godhead,—with what eagerness you watch for its slightest manifestation. If your whole life, and every movement of your outward and inward being, is thus guided by religion, perhaps the hearts of many will be touched by this mute language, and will open to the reception of that spirit which dwells within you. —*Ibid.*

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AMERICA. NO. IX.

Rio de Janeiro, Dec. 20, 1841.

Toleration—Church of St. Francisco de Paula—Commemoration of the Dead.

One word in reference to the toleration of Protestants in Brasil. The constitution says 'the religion of the State is the Roman Catholic, but all others are permitted. This permission,' however, is understood in a very restricted sense. Every man may become a Protestant when he chooses, and the government will neither condemn him to the stake, nor confiscate his property; but it will not allow him the public exercise of his religion. Protestants are not allowed to build churches or in any way to show publicly their dissent from the established religion. It is true there is the Episcopal church here, but it was made the subject of a treaty between the English and Brasilian governments, in which the latter stipulated that the church should have neither steeple, bell, nor organ, and should in its outward appearance resemble a dwelling-house. Within a few months, however, the Brasilian government has consented that an organ may be procured. All other Protestants are obliged to hold their meetings in private houses.

In my last I remarked that the Catholics of this country suppressed the second command from their books of devotion. They have sometimes been accused also of suppressing it from their Bibles, but this is incorrect. Their Bibles are in this particular as perfect as ours; but as they are never read in the churches, and as no part of their Latin Church service contains the commandment; and as, besides all this, most of the priests discourage the reading of the Bible, and all of them deny the right of the laity to interpret it for themselves, it is easy to see that some master genius from among the priests, who, like Calvin shall burst the chains which bind the people, is very much needed.

In order to give some idea of the arrangement of their churches, I will endeavor to describe that of St. Francisco de Paula. The saint to whom the church is dedicated was born about the year 1400 in some part of Italy. The miracles which monkish legends attribute to him during his life are numberless and wonderful. Walking through burning fiery furnaces, healing decayed and broken limbs, changing water into wine, raising the dead, &c., were every day occurrences with him, all of which are daily recorded in the books of the church, and commented upon by the Franciscan priests as if they were more to be valued than the word of God itself. His church in this city is among the most wealthy, and is celebrated not only for the miracles which they, at this day, attribute to the image of its patron but for a kind of protection St. Francisco renders to the bones of the dead which makes it a privilege to be buried in his church. On one side of the body of the church is a chapel used for the ceremonies of admitting a person to membership; on the other is a long gallery hung with the votive offerings of those who have experienced the saints miraculous aid. These are generally small pieces of board, upon which is written in distinct characters, a description of the miracle. To assist those who cannot read, a picture of the sick or wounded man is sometimes annexed. To all these Saint Francisco appeared descending from heaven, borne upon a cloud. Underneath each picture is written, '*Milagre que fez San Francisco de Paula.*' Miracle which St. Francisco de Paula performed. There are also legs, arms, heads, breasts, and other portions of the human body, representing all those diseases which ever attack these parts, with frightful accuracy. They are made of wax, and would, many of them, be excellent preparations for an Anatomical Museum. A large portrait of the Saint himself, represented as an old man with a long beard, appears in the midst of these offerings. His only garment is a cloak, and upon his breast is the word 'Caritas.' Long halls attached to the church on each side of which are seen chambers for the sick, seem to justify this title.—From the gallery of votive offerings we pass to the vestry room of the priests. This is as large as a common country church, but presents nothing remarkable. From hence we pass to a large garden surrounded on every side by portions of the building. Here the brethren of the church are buried, not in the ground as in our country, but in places in the wall designed for that purpose. After the funeral ceremonies are over, the body is placed in a coarse box and covered with lime; it is then placed in the opening of the wall which is soon closed with brick and mortar. The body is suffered to lie in this condition till the flesh has decayed, after which the bones are taken out and placed in a sort of urn which is furnished with lock and key, the latter of which is sent to the family of the deceased. These urns are of all sizes and degrees of splendor, according to the wishes and means of the friends of the deceased. They are usually made of wood, but sometimes of marble, and have an inscription differing but little from those found in our burying ground. They are carefully kept in some part of the church, and are brought out to the view of the public but once a year, when the friends of the deceased come to pay their respects to the mortal remains, and attend the mass which is then offered for the repose of their souls This ceremony, which takes place on the second of November, is exceedingly solemn, and were not so much superstition mingled with it, might be appropriate. In future letters I hope to give an account of other religious ceremonies which are peculiar to Brasil.

Yours, J. C.

THE DIFFERENCE, AND THE CONNEXION BETWEEN MORALITY AND RELIGION.

In its healthiest and loftiest growth, as well as in its wildest excrescences, religion shows itself as the germ of infinity in the soul of man. Now if we follow up the various streams of human effort which, under the name of religion, have alternately blessed or desolated the world, and trace them to their hidden springs in human nature, what is it, for which the fanatic abandons all sources of natural enjoyment and submits to arbitrary, self-imposed torments; and for which the true Christian turns away from the brightest and surest prospects of ambition? it is a longing after happiness, which outlives all the sufferings he may have to endure, and outgrows all the success he may meet with. Disappointment only deepens, instead of quenching, this innate desire; while it grows in proportion to his successful attempts to gratify it. This innate desire of man, after the greatest happiness of which he is capable, is the element of all religion.

The desire of happiness, however, upon which religion is grounded, does not enable us to distinguish it from morality; but, on the contrary, shows that both reason the same foundation. For the desire of happiness we know to be the motive of all human action, the main spring of animal, moral, and intellectual life. But the attainment of man's happiness depends in part on himself, on his faculties, talents and especially his moral efforts,—and in part on circumstances, or his condition, and on the good or ill success of his undertakings. Every moment of his existence convinces him, that the use of his own faculties would not be sufficient to the attainment of happiness, unless nature, or the things around him over which he has no control, were so organized and directed as to be adapted to his wants. He, indeed, commits the seed to the ground; but he knows that it will not yield the desired harvest, unless it be favored by rain and sunshine from above, and the storm and the hail be averted, by a power not his own. The same may be said of every other pursuit of man; his life, his family, his industry, the culture of his mind, and formation of his character, every thing he has, wants, or hopes for, depends in a great part not on himself, but on another, a greater power, which has assigned him a place in the universe, in which he cannot exist unless supported by the same Almighty hand. Now this desire, that all things should be so organized and directed as to be conformed to the wants of man, is the foundation of all religion. Whether a person believe that this providential direction of human affairs is vested in a host of gods, or in the eternal law of nature, or in God, whose guardian care controls the course of events in such a manner as to enable man, as a free agent, to form his own character, and, consequently, be the author of his own happiness or misery,—or whether he believe that this providential agency is independent of all he can do, or that it can be secured by a virtuous life, or by prayers, or sacrifices, or by the charms of his priests;—all these various beliefs are only different forms of the same principle.

It is easy, from these considerations, to perceive the difference, as well as the intimate connexion, between religion and morality. They both denote a direction of the mind toward a certain object, a good to be attained, a happiness to be secured. Morality we know to be a direction of the mind toward that happiness which results from the consciousness of the most various and harmonious exercise of all our powers. Religion consists in the direction of the mind toward that happiness which results from the belief, that all things in the world are constituted and directed so as to admit of the most various and harmonious exercise of all his faculties. Now as we cannot exercise any one of our faculties, nor draw a breath, nor move a hand, nor feel, nor think, nor form a resolution, unless the world in which we live be so constituted or governed, as to admit and secure our existence and action, it is evident that the moral life of man, which consists in the full exercise of his faculties, is without a foundation, unless the main supposition on which religion rests, be true. But though morality has no security for its continuation, but in religion, and naturally leads to religion, it is clear, on the other hand, that it can exist without it. For as long as man actually possesses the faculties, in the exercise of which morality consists, he feels bound to acknowledge the moral law, though these faculties should cease the next moment. Thus we find many among the Stoics, as well as among the Sadducees, insisting upon the strictest morality, though not believing in the immortality of the soul, but supposing death to be the extinction of moral as well as animal life. But, on the other hand, although true morality can exist without religion, true religion cannot exist without morality. For all true religion rests upon the belief in a supreme direction of the course of events, which secures to man his moral existence, a state of happiness dependent on his conduct.—*Charles Follen.*

THE NECESSITY OF RELIGION.

We sometimes hear religion spoken of and still more often hear it treated, as if it were a useful thing indeed, but of no essential importance—useful to the poor as the teacher of contentment, useful to the sorrowing, the bereaved, the tried, useful as a prop of government and the enforcer of order and peace, but not indispensable to the man himself. But this is a wretched delusion. The importance of religion lies in this, that it contains the laws of the developement and perfection of man's spiritual nature—the laws of its health and hope and bliss now and forever—laws which can no more be neglected, than can those of his physical being, without spiritual disease, deformity and death. Religious truth forms the soil, the air, the sky, in the midst of which the soul should grow. He who repels it from him, repels that which is the great supporter of the soul's life. It is as if some stately tree on the banks of an inland stream (could we for a moment, adopting the symbolic language of Scripture, imagine it endowed with thought and the power of executing its volitions) should repel and shut out from itself the influence of the elements in whose midst it grew and flourished. As it meditates under the summer sun, the gentle river rippling along by its roots, and feels its strength which bows not before any tempest, its heart is lifted up in pride; and a voice from out its leaves whispers, 'I can stand alone. The far off sun is so distant from me that it can do me no good, it only withers up my leaves; the winds disturb and break my branches; the river washes the soil away from my roots. I want not the help of chilling dews and the hot noon. Let me stand alone!' Suppose it but with the will, it has also the power, and repels from itself all these elements, and shuts them out, until it stands as if it were enclosed in some sphere impenetrable to them. The sun vanishes, the air no longer moves amidst its leaves, the dews cease to fall around it, and the roots reach out but find no longer the fresh waters of the river. From this little spot of self-dependent pride the elements are shut out,—and while all around is green and flourishing, its leaves wither, its life perishes, and it remains bare and blasted, a monument of death.

So have men speculated about religion. Its motives are far-off, some reaching into the abysses of eternity,—why should I need what is so distant? Its action, like a tempest, has sometimes disturbed the peace of the world; it subjects me to self-denial and unwelcome duties; and though it may be good for the ignorant and weak, I have no need of it. I can stand alone!' But if in his presumptuous folly the man does really reject, not the name, but the laws of religion, and ceases to obey them, as surely as moral not less than the material world is governed by laws, in the same degree as he rejects them, every virtue will dry up, the affections will be perverted and thwarted, and the very capacity of a high excellence wither away.

Religion is not merely the supporter of law and public order, a thing of forms which may or may not indifferently be neglected; its object is not merely to teach contentment to the tried, and consoling hopes to the wretched; it is not merely a pleasant subject for speculation in health, and a ministering angel wreathing graceful folds like sunset clouds around the parting hour; but it is the foundation of excellence, and the very life of all progress towards perfection. And such have all, who have lovingly received it into their hearts and obeyed it in love, found it;—found it, in the words of the Apostle, 'the power of God unto salvation.'—*Monthly Miscellany.*

The last No. of the Christian Reformer in a Review of Archbishop Whately's two Essays on the Kingdom of Christ delineated, has the following passage.

The Archbishop contends that the Anglican church is not justly chargeable with the pernicious errors of giving authority to tradition and asserting the apostolic succession of its clergy. He appeals to the Articles as alone decisive of such a question. We shall only observe, that if *the church* has not sanctioned them, eminent and influential *churchmen* certainly have done so, with the general approbation and encouragement of their own party, and so as often to cause grievous injury to those who resisted their pretensions.

We are delighted to find the Archbishop insisting on the essential difference of function between the Jewish priesthood and the Christian ministry, and declaring that his church has neither altar, priest, nor sacrifice. But, though we have no doubt whatever of his affirming what *ought to be true* of a Christian church, and are quite willing that he should persuade his brethren that henceforth it shall be so with them, we must declare that, *historically*, in respect to this particular church, we are convinced that he is mistaken. The fathers of the English church, indeed, abolished altars, but Archbishop Laud restored them; and not only the name, but the particular part of the church in which they are ordered to be placed, the peculiar reverence attached to them, and even the posture in which the communicants receive the sacrament, all shew that, practically, the church mingles largely ideas derived from the sacrifice of the mass with those which belong to the simple commemorative rite instituted by our Lord. As to the pretension to a sacerdotal character, it can surely scarcely be denied that the great majority of the clergy take that view of their office. Nothing is more common in books and in discourse, than appealing to the example of the Jewish priesthood in justification of the Christian. The claim to tithes, so far as it is religious, has the same foundation; and the peculiar dress of the officiating clergy, which may be regarded as an imitation of the Jewish ephod, must be taken as expressing pretension to a sacerdotal office. Hence it is that this dress is worn in the reading of the Liturgy, but is laid aside when the clergyman, proceeding to the pulpit, only addresses to the people his own thought. Then, a professional dress is sufficient; but whilst he claims to be the agent and means of communication between man and God, a peculiar robe marks the sacred function. It was for this reason that the Puritans shewed such extreme repugnance to the use of the surplice, and felt themselves obliged by conscience to resist it. They wore without scruple the black gown, because their doing so had no different meaning from a lawyer or a physician wearing a somewhat similar garment, and conveyed no pretension beyond that of belonging to a profession which they esteemed useful and honorable; but the surplice they considered as carrying with it a claim to a sacerdotal function, which those of the Reformers whom they followed denied to be a part of the Christian ministry. In later times, there have often arisen among Dissenters discussions as to the propriety of even wearing the gown; but the objections made have been such as may be made to continuing the custom at the bar. None who know anything of the subject have confounded this mere question as to the expediency of continuing a peculiar professional dress, with the grave objection made by their fathers to priestly robes. We must think, then, that the firm stand made by the church in favor of the surplice, supported as it is by the expressed opinions of many leading divines respecting the claims of the clergy, affords no small proof that, whatever may now be thought by its more liberal members, our Established church really pretends to possess a priesthood. Had it been known and settled that it did not do so and had the doctrines of Archbishop Whately respecting its foundation and claims been set forth on proper authority, we feel sure that many good men who found themselves driven to what they accounted the hard necessity of dissent, might have remained in the church without disturbance to their consciences. However this may be, the declaration, though coming late and only from *one* high authority, opposed by many others, is most gratifying to us. There is at length, we hope, an active liberal party in the church—the more useful and respectable because not compromising doctrinal views for the sake of adhering to an Establishment, but uniting a sincere zeal for their own opinions with a general liberality of sentiment, a moderation in their claims to authority, a respect for the rights of those who differ from them, and a kind and courteous demeanor, which place them in most happy contrast with the bigotry, superstition and fanaticism of the times. To this party all those should hasten to join themselves who, on the one hand, would not see the worst evils of Popery revived in our National church, and, on the other hand, would not have science and art, and every thing which contributes to the charm of social life, blighted by a gloomy and harsh fanaticism.

'WE KNOW THAT ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD, TO THEM THAT LOVE GOD.'

To see, in every good thing that we possess, the kindness of the bounteous Giver, is one of the simplest lessons, it is the most direct claim to gratitude, laid down in the word of God. There is another lesson, more difficult to be understood in all its bearings, a doctrine, which, to those who hold it, is a source of contentment and consolation, even in the darkest and loneliest hours of life, when losses and disappointments shake that faith, which is founded on mercies received and favors granted,—I mean, the Scripture doctrine, that reveals to us a kind intention, a benevolent purpose, not only in the blessings, but also in the sorrows and trials of life, in the disappointment of our fondest hopes, the failure of our best intentions, in sore temptation, in poverty, sickness, and death. It is this unlimited faith in divine mercy, which is expressed in the words, that, to them that love God, that is, to all who keep his commandments, not only good things, but all things, whether in their present effects they be productive of good or evil, work together for final good. This doctrine is different from that of the Stoic philosophers, that nothing in this world is to be considered an evil, except sin;—that sickness and poverty are to be reckoned among the indifferent things, that is, things in themselves neither good nor evil. Christianity does not deprive the sufferer of the pittance of comfort to be derived from the bare acknowledgment, that his misfortune is an evil; still less would it deprive him of the sympathy of others, of which that acknowledgment is the foundation. Nor does Christianity favor the delusion of the fanatic, who considers suffering itself as a merit. The Christian system sets out with the simple teaching of nature and common sense, that any thing is a good which promotes human happiness, and that anything that impairs it is an evil. But the philosophy of the Gospel does not stop there. It shows us, that all evil may be turned into good by him who uses it according to its true purpose, as designed by God; for then it will call forth, our highest powers and best affections to meet it with firm and prudent resolution and cheerful resignation, and may thus enable us to soar above the tempests of this world, and take refuge in the unclouded regions of faith.—*Charles Follen.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 16, 1842.

BENEVOLENT FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES.

The Annual meeting of this important Institution was held on the evening of Fast-day. We were gratified to learn from the Report of the Treasurer, that the contributions from the several Branches had fully met the current expenses of the Fraternity, leaving a small balance in the Treasury. Over four thousand dollars have been raised for the city missions during the past year, and we are confident that when the Report of the Ex. Committee shall lay before the public the evidence it contains of the practical operations of this ministry, and of the good effected even the past season, the subscribers will feel that they have made a wise, and can make no better appropriation of their charities.

We regret that the unfavorable weather prevented many from attending the services of the church. Our limits will not permit us to give a detailed account of Mr. Peabody's sermon, which was an able performance, from the text,—'Am I my brother's keeper?' In his introduction Mr. Peabody alluded to the selfishness which induces many still to put this question, and briefly, but forcibly illustrated the fact, that none of us can stand alone, that society is framed for mutual support, that we are all of us debtors to it, and must strive to repay the debt. He then applied these principles to the Ministry at Large, set forth its political, social, moral and religious influences, its effects upon the subjects of it, its reaction upon the churches who sustain it, and then answered some of the objections which are supposed to exist against it. The sermon was somewhat different from any that have heretofore been preached on the occasion, written by one who had a strong practical grasp of his subject; and we trust the Ex.Committee of the Fraternity will see that it is given to the public.

We feel that we shall but gratify our readers and do justice to the memory of the worthy and lamented dead, in devoting a large portion of our columns to the biographical notices of the Rev. Dr. Harris and Rev. George Whitney, though in consequence we have had to omit several communications that have been sent to us.

For the Register and Observer.

THE DECEASE OF THE REV. DR. HARRIS, AND THE REV. GEORGE WHITNEY.

Death has indeed been busy among us, of late, and unusually select in his victims. Many of those, who have been well known and honored in this community, have been called away; the young and tenderly beloved from scenes of active and devoted usefulness, as well as the aged from their dignified and honorable retirement. Not only the flocks, but the Shepherds have been smitten, and 'the habitations of the Shepherds *do mourn*.' Lo, 'earthly Shepherds dwell in dust.'

The simultaneous and sudden decease of the venerable Dr. Harris, and the beloved Mr. Whitney, demands our most solemn consideration. The sadness had not yet passed away from us, occasioned by the death of our lamented brothers, the Rev. Mr. Ritchie of Needham, and the Rev. Mr Phipps, of Cohasset. And now again the sadness has been deepened and redoubled upon our countenance.—God grant, that our 'hearts may be made better' thereby. Without intending to interfere at all with the province of their biographers, we have indulged our feelings in preparing a sketch of our recollections of them from the first of their public ministry; and of our young brother, alas! from the day of his birth;—together with some of the earlier memorials of our venerated father, to which we have been kindly allowed access; as a passing notice, in this journal, if none better should be offered.

The Rev. Dr. Harris was one of our many distinguished characters, who have made themselves so through a series of great discouragements; and his early life was made up of thrilling and affecting incidents, to which we can only indistinctly allude, in a notice like this.

Had you been in the neighborhood of Bunker Hill, in the spring of 1775,—you might have seen a new and 'commodious' dwelling, the abode of piety and intelligence, competency and content,—of domestic peace, innocence, and conjugal felicity, above the ordinary lot of humanity. But the Ensigns of war are without, and the demons of war rave and madden around. The town is almost deserted. The steadiest hearts are at length alarmed. And the occupant of that happy abode 'leads his family into the street,' taking only such clothing as they could carry in their hands, and a few small articles of value; but leaving the rest of their moveables behind them. The young father and mother, with *his* aged grandmother, and five children, begin their march, 'with fainting steps and slow,' though obliged to hasten away. They leave that loved abode, never more to return to it. They are soon to be scattered, each one from the rest, and thrown, —upon the cold world and its mercies? O no. Upon the mercies of a heavenly Father, who never deserted them. Then and there you might have seen a slender, but sedate and thoughtful boy, not seven years old, leading by the hand his little twin-sister next below him in age, whilst the father and mother, each in their arms, a younger of the sisters bore. The hospitable mansion of a distant relative in Lexington soon receives them, and here for a while, they feel secure.

But anon the cannon peal thunders in their ears. Clouds of smoke arise. Bright flames 'glare in the sky.' Charlestown is on fire. Their loved home, their domestic altar 'a heap of ashes.' What mother would not have feared for her little ones? —'An empty wagon' approaches, and she desires a conveyance bespoken, 'wherever it was going.'

Next we find them at the quiet village of Choxet, (the West precinct of Lancaster) now Sterling, (in Worcester county.) They are among strangers all, but a kind hearted and christian people. They had not been 'forgetful to entertain strangers;' and they sometimes 'entertained Angels unawares.' Full forty years after it did our heart good to hear the fathers and mothers of that place, who had been his early associates, and the venerable matrons, with whom he had sojourned, repeat their recollections of the little orphan boy, (for he was soon left an orphan with them, and his father's remains now rest with theirs.) They loved to speak of his early piety, of his great love of books, of his amiable and obliging disposition, of his ingenuous tenderness of conscience, and of his self-denial, and unconcern for himself, in his anxiety for his widowed mother and his sisters. And we shall always love that people the better, that they did not forget our own beloved Pastor and friend, and our 'father's friend,' but showed him such kindness in the time of his need. Testimony like this we cannot mistake. We cannot here be misled by our personal attachments. It is most evident that our friend exhibited, even in his early childhood, those elements of character, the full and fair development of which rendered him so eminently successful in the pastoral office, and so peculiarly dear to the people of his charge.

Three years pass away. The first Winter, the father finds employ in his accustomed vocation, by teaching the public school in Choxet. The following Spring, he joined the army at Cambridge, as paymaster, with the rank of Captain, and was thus enabled to provide for his family. He died, however, on a visit to them in the autumn of 1778, after a short illness, leaving them in a condition of 'indescribable affliction and distress.' *The Worcester Spy* of Nov. 5th, 1778 and the Boston papers of the day, in noticing the death of Capt. William Harris, spoke of him as 'a good man,' and 'universally beloved;' and as an *Instructor* of 'the highest reputation.' He was honored with a public funeral, and 'the Rev. Mr Holcomb (then Minister of Choxet,) preached on the occasion.'

After the decease of the father, the neighbors were 'not weary in well-doing' to his bereaved family. And they seemed to vie with one another in their attentions to the orphan boy, then in his eleventh year. For in turn, they took him to their homes, and supplied all his need as one of their own.

How beautifully there was exampled the Savior's own test of Discipleship. 'I was a stranger and ye took me in,—clothed me, —and gave me meat and drink.' And he, wherever he went, fastened himself upon the hearts of his benefactors, by his amiable and obliging disposition, and his respectful and manly demeanor. Moreover, he attracted the notice of the Ministers in the vicinity, and several of them invited him to their houses, where they counselled and encouraged him, and loaned him suitable books to read.

At length, the Rev. Dr. Morse, of Shrewsbury, West Precinct, now Boylston, a worthy minister, as well as 'eminent Physician and Surgeon' of that place, became so much interested in the orphan boy, that he went to Choxet, and proposed to his mother to 'take him home, find him in clothes, and attend personally to his education;' and this, when he had a very numerous family of his own.

Wishing to make himself useful here, the subject of our notice, not then twelve years old, asked his kind patron for some employ. The good physician of soul and body told him he might 'assist in *feeding the sheep and taking care of the lambs*,—go of errands, and do what might be required of him in the house. But as he came to get learning, and they had heard that he loved books, he should not be interrupted in his studies.' Venerated servant of the Redeemer! In the true spirit of thy Master, thou didst teach 'to feed the *Flock of Christ*,, and to care for immortal Lambs. We cherish thy memory with profound reverence and gratitude, inasmuch as we have thus been cared for at thy hands.

In this pious, well-educated, well-ordered, and industrious family, the character of our friend received a most important stamp; and became confirmed in those habits of constant application, and untiring diligence; and of the judicious and systematic arrangement of his time and business, to which he owed so much his distinction as a literary, and a professional man. He rather stealthily commenced his classical studies, as we think his wise patron intended he should. For he laid every temptation thereto in his way, approved, and cheered him onward; and at the age of fourteen he was well fitted for College.

To sensibilities so tender as his, the parting from the family of Dr. Morse was trying in the extreme, and the struggle appears to have been mutually painful.

But a trial of a different kind awaited him, and in some respects still more painful. His friends had no means, and could devise none, for meeting the expenses of his Education. And his disappointment and regret were overwhelming.

The entire purpose of his life must be changed. But he summoned the resolution to yield manfully to his lot, and was apprenticed to learn a trade. Having met with an accident, by which, for a while, he lost the use of his right hand; his master insisted on giving up his indentures. Before the end of another classical year, accident again,—no, let me rather say a gracious Providence, for in this light he used to regard the peculiar incidents of his life, made him acquainted with the noble-spirited Dr. Kendall, formerly minister of Weston, then master of the Grammar School, in Cambridge. He at once appreciated the character of our friend, and with an ardor and an energy peculiarly his own, raised the needed funds, assisted him in reviewing his preparatory studies, and offered him at the University.

In speaking of his College career, we must be very brief. Suffice it to say, that in one of the largest classes of those days a class honored by the names of J. Q. Adams, Judge Cranch, the late James Lloyd, Judge Putnam, and many others of no ordinary rank, no one was oftener selected for parts at the public Exhibitions than Dr. Harris. And from the variety of the parts assigned him, on those occasions, mathematical among the rest, it is evident, that he held a high rank, as a general Scholar.

Of his Poem at Commencement, when he took his first degree, it is praise enough, that the Rev. Dr. Belknap, of the Federal Street church, and the Rev. Dr. Thacher, of Brattle Street, expressed, by letter to him, their opinion of its merits, in the highest terms of approbation; and solicited a copy of it for publication in the Columbian Magazine printed at Philadelphia, 'fully persuaded,' as they said, that it would 'tend to increase the reputation of our College,' and cause it to 'appear in a respectable light at the Southward.' The request of Dr. Thacher was most urgent, after Dr. Belknap's proposal had been with great modesty declined.

On taking his Master's degree, Dr. Harris was honored with the *Valedictory Oration, in Latin*. About a year after he graduated, he accepted the appointment of Gen. Washington to be his private Secretary. But having been detained several weeks by sickness, the General's former Secretary renewed his engagements.

He was approbated to preach in June, 1789,—a little before he had completed his 21st year; appointed Librarian of Harvard College in 1791—and ordained in Dorchester, Oct. 23d., 1793.

We come, at length, to speak of our friend in the pastoral relation, where we might, and ought to be especially particular and discriminating. Yet we have been so beguiled by the incidents of his early life, that our limits, we fear, will oblige us to be too general.

His supreme and conscientious devotedness to his great work, was the leading and all-absorbing trait in his character. It appeared on all occasions, and was conspicuous in every department of his labors, in every item of his duties; in the Pulpit, at the Communion Table, at the Font of Baptism, in his visits to the schools, and to the homes of his people; on every occasion of sorrow or of joy. He entered with his whole soul into all his work, and all he said and did seemed the prompting of a full heart. He was all gentleness, tenderness and sympathy, and had a most happy way of interesting the young, in the subject of religion. We can never forget the gentle pressure of his hand, his complacent smile, or his persuasive accents which sunk right to our heart, and took their permanent lodgment there, when the good pastor counselled and encouraged us, in our place at school. We can never forget his words of consolation to our dying or bereaved friends. His words were always a cordial to the dying, and to the afflicted. And for all occasions he had *right words*, and at the right time. Where and whenever duty called, he consulted not his own ease, convenience, or safety. We could mention some striking instances of his self-denial. But one must here suffice, where his devotion to duty, and his self-sacrifice nearly cost him his life. He continued to visit a family, where eight grown persons died of a malignant fever, within a few days, till he had attended the funeral of the sixth; when himself was taken with the disease, and brought 'near to the gates of the grave.'

Besides the more urgent calls of duty, Dr. Harris accomplished an unusual amount of voluntary parochial visiting. For many years after his settlement, his parish was the whole town of Dorchester, then nearly nine miles in extent, from the remotest extremes. And yet, I do not believe that any of his people ever had just cause to complain of any neglect, or lack of his attentions. He performed much service also out of his parish, especially as an Overseer of our University, which office he held during his whole ministry of forty three years. But few, probably, are aware of the amount of service he annually performed in the Library of the College. Always, for a long course of years, Chairman of its visiting Committee, much of the labor of examining and making reports devolved on him. And he performed almost a Herculean labor in sorting and arranging the 132 volumes of Gen. Washington's letters for Mr. Spark's, and making an alphabetical and chronological Index to them.

And all this duty he was enabled to accomplish by the readiness and diligence with which he applied himself to every thing he undertook; by rising early, and by his great economy in the use of his time. Though always ready to attend at the calls of his friends, whether of business or mere ceremony, he wasted no time. The scraps and ends of it, which most men lle or vapor away, he turned to good account. He was scrupulously punctual to his engagement, and beforehand in his preparations for the pulpit. When called away from his work, whether in his study, or elsewhere, and for a longer or a shorter time, he always knew how he left it, and could resume it, at once, and go right on, without hesitation or confusion.

As a preacher, Dr. Harris was peculiar. He attempted no display. His words flowed naturally from his heart. And there was usually a directness and pertinence both in his texts and in his discourses, that showed great good judgment, and skill in 'dividing the word of truth,' and left no room for criticism. We never thought to inquire, whether we had heard a great sermon. In fact, his was not the greatness to 'rend the mountains, and break in pieces the rocks before the Lord.' But it was the far more enviable, because in the issue, and in the aggregate, the more effectual greatness, which like the warm sun and the invisible air, unconsciously penetrated, and melted, and subdued, we could hardly tell when, or how.

But we need not enlarge. Dr. Harris left the witness of his greatness in the hearts of his people. Seldom, we think, has a minister, at all times, from first to last, been more universally beloved, by old and young, high and low, rich and poor together. The strong attachment was evident, and told more than we can tell, and better, in the death-like stillness of the place, and glistening eyes on all sides, when his death was announced from the Pulpit, where he used to officiate; though he had, for several years, resigned his ministry and removed from the town. And glad were we to be there and see, because it so confirmed all our preconceived notions of the man.

Of the literary attainments of Dr. Harris, we do not feel ourself competent to speak, lest we should fail to do him justice. It is certain, that he both acquired knowledge and wrote with great facility. And books, from first to last, were his congenial element. We will hazard the opinion, however, that in the department of Literary history, or Bibliology, he has scarcely left his equal. We cannot name the man, who we think knew more than he, not merely of the Titles, but the Contents of books, ancient or modern. Or of whom we could more successfully inquire for direction, as to works we might wish to consult, in any department of Literature.

The delicacy of Dr. Harris' nervous structure, whilst it made him peculiarly susceptible of enjoyment, caused him also, at times, great mental anguish. The charms of an acute sensibility none knew better than he. And the 'distress with sorrow arming, He did also know full well.'

From the richness of our materials, and our interest in the subject, we have extended this notice far beyond our intention. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to the endeared consort and children of our departed father and friend. We feel devoutly thankful, that he was so long spared to them and to us; that it was given to him to be useful, and to enjoy life, till his last illness of only a few days. And that he has, at length, obtained the rest, which he so ardently desired. That the wish and prayer of his kind Patron, Dr. Morse, when he dismissed him from his paternal care, has been so happily answered; 'Heaven's favor, health and happiness; a long and useful life; a peaceful death, and then to meet *him*, in the realms of bliss.' Seldom do we part with one, of whom we might with greater confidence say, 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.'

Like the full orbed sun, he has gone gently down, and left the bright radiance of his beams behind him.

And now, what shall we say of our younger brother, for brother indeed he seemed to us, in something more than a formal sense. When our revered father went up, we could in transport exclaim,—'The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.' But now, our heart faintly moans, —'I am distressed for thee, my brother.' But why? For him? O no! for ourself we are distressed. He dwells far above earth's sorrows, in enduring light and love. And all our thoughts of him are pleasant. We well remember the bright ringlets, that circled his smiling face, when he reposed in his mother's arms. And we love to call to mind his amusing prattle, and how he used to climb our knee, and throw his loving arms around us. He was a lovely child!

And then when we had been absent, how he used to run to meet us, the herald of his revered father's welcome hospitality, and take our hand, and lead us in, 'gay as the lark,' playful and innocent as the gentle lamb, in that fair morning of his days. All loved him. He was a charming boy!

We love to follow his advancing steps, as his mind opened with the book of knowledge, and his heart expanded with generous affections. He was early a member of his father's church in Quincy. His early years were passed under the roof of that father, by whom he was prepared for College. He was diligent, faithful, and persevering in his studies; and there was a great deal more of system and orderly arrangement, and power of application in his mind, than you would suspect from his perpetual cheerfulness, and flow of spirits. So that he attained a high rank among the best in his Class at the University. He graduated at Cambridge in 1824, with distinguished reputation as a scholar. He was a most estimable, accomplished, and promising young man, well furnished for usefulness, in whatever profession. He had chosen that of the Christian ministry. It was his rightful inheritance, from several succeeding generations. His Father, Grandfather and Great Grandfather were clergymen.

Immediately upon leaving College, however, he became an assistant in the Academy of Charles W. Greene Esq., at Jamaica Plain. There was a day, which threatened to blast all his preparation for usefulness. He was suddenly prostrated, by a dangerous disease. We shall never forget that day of overwhelming anxiety, when the Sabbath bell was hushed, and the service of God's House suspended. When every soul was waiting with breathless expectation, and even the trees scarce dared to wave their branches, lest they should disturb his pure spiritas it arose, when 'death was dealing with him,' as all most surely supposed.

But the all-wise Disposer had otherwise determined, and great were the thanksgivings of very many hearts. And the churches of Christ have great need to be thankful for to them he has been a blessing in his day, short though it was,—ah, too short for us! For though called away in his prime, just three months short of his thirty-eighth year, he had done much, for he had wrought diligently and faithfully in his day. And we think we shall not overstep the truth, when we say, that we cannot point to a minister, whose reputation is more decidedly on the advance, not only in the estimation of his dear friends and people, but of his brethren in the ministry, and of the churches, where he occasionally ministered. For several years past, his growing ardor, and activity, and devotedness in his holy calling, has been the subject of frequent remark.

Mr. Whitney entered the Divinity School at Cambridge in 1826. After completing his studies at that 'School of the Prophets,' he preached almost entirely in this immediate vicinity. On the 15th of June, 1831, he was ordained pastor of the church in Spring street, Roxbury. At his own request, this relation was dissolved on the 7th of Feb. 1836, and on the 10th of the same month he was installed as associate pastor with the Rev. Thomas Gray, D. D. over the third society in Roxbury, at Jamaica Plain, which office he continued to fill honorably to himself, and with usefulness to his people till the day of his death. He expired at 11 o'clock, on Saturday evening, april 2d, after a brief illness, of the fatal termination of which no apprehensions were entertained till a very few hours before it occurred.

The moral and the social character of Mr. Whitney was always one of most extraordinary amiableness. He had no bitterness, no malice nor envy in his composition. His soul seemed all sunshine, with no tempests, no clouds, or even the elements of any, in its atmosphere. His everflowing cheerfulness was, on all occasions, restrained and balanced by his equal sense of propriety, his steady self-command and strong religious principle.

As a preacher, he was fervent and animated, and everywhere acceptable. His discourses were written with care, and highly practical in their character. As a pastor, he looked well to the personal condition of his flock; and their hearts bear him most affectionate and honorable testimony.

But we must cease, though it is pleasant to contemplate him. We must not stand, like the first disciples, 'gazing after him into heaven.' For though he will not 'come again' to us, we shall go to him. Let us then to the lesson God has thus solemnly given us, and to the duties he has assigned us; not in the spirit of an indiscreet and wild fanaticism, but with an enlightened and heavenly-tempered zeal. Not with violent and unsteady effort, but with constant, untiring, well-directed energy.

Boston, April 12th, 1842.

THE COMMUNION.

Messrs. Editors,—My communication in a former number of the Register has attracted comments from another correspondent signed 'Amory Hall' in your last paper. I am pleased at this, as I acknowledge it was my desire to produce a discussion on a subject which I deemed not sufficiently understood, and which I conceive to be most deeply interesting to the religious community, and it is on this ground that I hope for the continued favor of occupying your columns.

A few misapprehensions in the first paragraph of your correspondent require a brief notice. I did not understand the author of the letters signed W. C. as considering 'that all those who did not participate in the Communion did virtully deny Christ,' nor did any argument of mine depend on such a supposition. I readily admit that 'every way' of confessing Christ 'may be at times obligatory, as well as one;' but the question asked on this point implies that the Communion is *any* mode of making such confession, which is the very view to which I object. If in the Society of 'Amory Hall' it is 'known by all or most of them who are the Communicants,' that Society pays a greater attention to the religious movements of its members than any other with which I am acquainted; I consider it a singular case, and must therefore still regard the Communion—as now conducted—to be a private, and not a public manifestation.

I am unable fully to understand the last sentence of this paragraph, but at its close there is a remark conveying an idea on which I wish to comment, as it is the key to the principal view I desire to present on this subject, and which I hope to make more intelligible than I have done. It is said 'we fear the statement (I suppose the number of Communicants is meant) would be much diminished by the removal of the merely professors.' Now though I cannot participate in this fear; but, on the contrary, believe the number of attendants on the Communion would be vastly increased rather than diminished, by placing it on the footing of a simple commemorative ordinance—yet I should regard the departure of the 'merely professors,' and—if so—the consequent diminution of Communicants, as a far less evil than the attendance of greater numbers on various and discordant grounds. My great object is to separate the ideas of Confession and Communion entirely from each other, to remove the idea of gratefully commemorating the death of Christ from all other extraneous ideas. I hold that a strong sympathy with fellow Communicants is essential to genuine and fervent participation in this ordinance, and this sympathy can best,—if not only—be sustained by a common, single object which is understood by each, to occupy the minds of all, who unite in this service. Let it be everywhere understood that a desire to manifest an affectionate conformity to the departing injunction of our Redeemer is the sole expression of the Communion, and none who feel a cordial desire to give this expression will be repelled by the fear of incompetency or of indefinite responsibilities. The evident coldness pervading our eucharistic services is attributable chiefly to the uncertainty in the minds of each, of the correspondence of the views and feelings of others. The ideas of Confession, of membership of a peculiar Church, of a tacit pledge of purity, of an impressive influence on future resolution, have overlaid the simple idea of commemoration, and given the death blow to the simplicity and vitality of the Communion.

These remarks will reply to the question asked by 'Amory Hall' why those who admit the obligation to confess Christ before men, should disregard the injunction 'Do this in remembrance of me.' They do not disregard this solemn and affectionate command, but they do not see how—under present circumstances—they can comply with it. A mere attendance on the Communion would not do this, for as other ideas are attached to this attendance, it could not be known that this was the purpose for which they gave it. The current language of the community would rather attribute to them a design to make a peculiar profession of christianity, or to attach themselves to a peculiar Church; and the expression of an enjoined commemoration of the death of Christ would be mostly or entirely overlooked. When a number of ideas are dignified by one tacit rite, the uncertainty which is intended to be evinced practically amounts to a manifestation if none. But I find it necessary to repeat my fundamental proposition on this subject, as it has been entirely disregarded by 'Amory Hall' as well as in the letter of W. C. It is, that all the attendants on public worship in a christian community are, *ipsofacto* confessors of faith in Christ, and as much so as they can be by any other act whatever. This cannot be denied by any one,—as a general proposition, for junction in worship, in a Christian Church, plainly denotes and implies assent to the truth of Christianity. A worshipper may indeed be an infidel in his heart—and so he may in the practice of any ordinance—but he who *professes* worship certainly *professes* belief. Yet some vague notion seems to possess the minds of Christians that there is some peculiar faith beyond or within this general belief, which requires a peculiar mode of manifestation. If there is really any difference between this general faith of the worshipping congregation and the peculiar faith of the 'church member;' if the latter is held to believe something which the former does not, then this special belief must be one which is neither commanded to be confessed nor understood when thus indicated, and cannot therefore be any essential part of Christianity; and if no real distinction whatever does exist between the faith of the general worshipper and that of the communicant, then I am justified in saying that no confession of Christ is, or can be, made by attendance on the communion, and consequently that a command to confess him before men cannot be obeyed by a resort to that ordinance.

I esteem this point of great importance; for if the view I have thus given of it should be generally admitted, it removes all difficulties, scruples and obstacles which have hitherto surrounded the table of the Lord. If the whole body of Christian worshippers were considered as professors of Christianity without distinction, and as comprised within the true Church of Christ, the communion, considered as a separate ordinance, would signify nothing but a simple commemoration of the death of our Lord. It would be divested of every foreign impression; there would be no necessity for, or propriety in any form of admission to it; it might be thrown open freely to all, for there could be no possible inducement to participate in it but the simple desire to exhibit a grateful commemoration of the sacrifice made by our common benefactor and redeemer. How many who are now withheld by a mistaken but irremovable sense of unworthiness, or the fear of uncertain responsibilities, would throng to that altar of divine love; they would be sure to meet there hearts in unison with their own bent on a common purpose, and a sympathetic affection would be formed stronger, more endearring and more enduring than could be effected by the closest unity of creed or the most rigorous provisions of discipline.—Then the exclamation might be repeated, 'see how these Christians love another.' To what extent can this expression be applied to Christians now?

J. P. B.

[We had devoted a place in the Register, to the following article; but are glad to avail ourselves of the writer's wish to re-state, upon better information, a part of Judge B.'s life, and at the same time to expand some others portions of the sketch.]

HARVARD'S SENIOR ALUMNUS.

'The old man of whom ye spake; is he yet alive?'

The Hon. Sampson Salter Blowers, of Halifax, N. S. [Harv. Univ., 1763,] this day* completes his *century of years;* the elder patriarch of Harvard's LIVING ALUMNI. He was a native of Boston, his father (as we sometime ago learned from an authority near in blood) then living in Quaker lane, now Congress street: a nephew of Pyam B., merchant, [H. U. 1721] and grandson of Rev. Thomas B., second minister of Beverly [H. U. 1695.] Young Blowers entered upon the study of law with Hutchinson, then simply Judge of Probate and Lt. Governor; and married the daughter of Benj. Kent, Esq.† [H. U. 1727] an attorney at law in Boston, 'celebrated for his eccentricity and wit,' who became, like himself, a refugee, and died in Halifax at an advanced age, (81) in 1788. In Nov. 1770, then in his noviciate at the Bar, he was employed as junior counsel to Messrs. Adams and Quincy (the latter his classmate) in behalf of the eight British soldiers of the 29th regiment on their trial for what was long and most absurdly called 'The Boston massacre in King st.' The victims of that night (March 5th 1770) were well worthy (one can readily believe it) of *such* eloquence as made them its heroes for thirteen anniversaries after; but poor credit, alas! they did to the appellation *martyrs of liberty* (so liberally showered by all these orators from their cornucopia of eulogy); and with scarcely an exception, abundantly provoked the death they found. Gordon, with strange looseness for one who was writing in the midst of the scene, says [Vol. 1, 194.] 'The soldiers had the same counsel as their commander.' This was true only in part. Robert Auchmuty, who according to Eliot, made in defence of Capt. Preston a plea so memorable and persuasive, as 'almost to bear down the tide of prejudice against him, though it never swelled to a higher flood,' had no concern in the succeeding trial; while we have almost equal reason to believe that the subject of this notice was not retained in the earlier one. It might at first be thought strange that a party rich in such men as *Auchmuty, Putnam* of Worcester, and *Pynchon* of Salem, should have even consented to seek the aid of the patriot side of the bar. It is readily seen however, that a seemingly earnest argument from the lips of a whig advocate would work wonders on the minds of a jury, and where so much was at stake, was not a consideration to be slighted. In truth too, it must have been worthy of all admiration to see the two *Quincys* (Samuel and Josiah)—not merely the younger brother arrayed against the elder‡ but each, as it were, *out of place;* doing violence to his personal sympathies in the professional stand he chanced for the hour to occupy.

For reasons unknown to us, S. S. B. sailed to England on the eve of the Revolution [1774], and returned, most likely, in the following year. He attended, we are left to infer, the British forces on their removal from Boston to New York in 1778; and venturing, on some private business to return to the former in the fall of 1776, was just in time to find his name in the Proscribing Actll of the Provincial Assembly of Mass. [Oct.], which could not then have been passed a fortnight. That decree subjected to imprisonment, if reappearing within the limits of the State, and for a second return after banishment, put under the ban of a capital doom, somewhat more than three hundred traitors to the majesty of the Commonwealth, 'who had left the precincts or service of the State or the United States, and joined themselves to the enemies thereof.' He was forthwith committed to the county gaol; but his durance must have been brief. In scarce ten days after we find him on board a cartel-ship, with 270 other prisoners, which was ordered to Halifax. From this time, as we are told, he steadfastly pursued his profession there; being raised to the Supreme Bench of Nova Scotia in 1795, becoming its presiding Head, 1801, and resigning all his honors, which he had borne beyond his ninetieth year, in 1833.

Though his lot was cast with the obnoxious side, Judge B. stood by no means alone among his companions. The class of 1763 was fruitful in loyalists, generally also refugees;—*Bliss* of Springfield, son-in-law (with the late Hon. Fisher Ames) of the eminent John Worthington of S., and *Upham* of Brookfield, (father of the present minister of Salem,) who married a daugh-

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* Born March 22, 1742, O. S.

† Kent was minister of Marlborough, a very brief period [1738–'35]; though so unclerical was his deportment and his humor, that we might rather have wondered had his stay been longer. He removed to Boston; and so late as 1769, his name is found, in somewhat odd association with such men as Tho. Cushing, Js. Otis, S. Adams, Jos. Warren, &c. as a Committee of Safety in a communication to Dr. Franklin, then Agent for the Colony in London.—To him it is, we suppose, that the Dr. in a letter, written from Philadelphia, within the last year and a half of his own life, refers:—'You tell me our poor friend Ben Kent is gone; I hope to the regions of the blessed; or at least to some place where souls are prepared for those regions. I found my hope on this, that though not so orthodox as you and I, he was an honest man and had his virtues. If he had any hypocrisy, it was of that inverted kind, with which a man is not so bad as he seems to be.' (See Sparks' Franklin, VII. 366 X. 460.)

‡ Robert Treat Paine and Samuel Quincy (the last, King's Solicitor) Esqrs. were Counsel for the Crown.

‖ The subjects of the Act were for the most part, persons of education or family; yet a small proportion, perhaps one-fifth, seems to be from the reputable walks of middle life and mechanic industry. Stern as this document looks in outward show, it did not prove so unrelenting in fact. With returning Peace and Prosperity, the memory of the Past, and of its horrors became fainter from year to year; from this effect, another flowed,—that public resentment was losing something continually of its bitterness and edge; and though penal laws were unrepealed, they became a dead letter and obsolete in practice. Availing themselves of this kindlier feeling in the community, many returned, with little or with no obstruction, to seek their last resting-place among the scenes of their youth. Of about *sixty-seven* proscribed Harvardians, (if the writer counts correctly, 1726 to] 1772 inclusive, eleven are noticed who died as citizens of their native State; of whom were *Dr. Jeffries* (as mentioned in the text), *Dr. Wm. Walter* of Trinity ch., *Samuel Rogers* Esq. (brother of the late Madam Parkman) *Col. Pickman sen.* of Salem, &c. &c.

ter of Col. John Murray of Rutland, (one of the leading loyalists in the western section of the State) and was for a great part of the contest, aid-de-camp to Sir Guy Carleton at New-York and Col. of Dragoons in the British service—were each, on the separate organization of New-Brunswick in 1784, selected as Judges of its highest Court. *Dr. John Jeffries* of Boston, (after signalizing his courage as an aerial traveller, among the very foremost explorers of *the new world*) returned a few years in the rear of the Peace [1790], to resume his profession in his native town, where he continued to the end of life, Sept. 1819, (75.) *Hooper* of Marblehead, second son of 'old King Robert,' and who, in those days, when birth and family were the rule of college order, precedes his class in the catalogue, (his title however to such honor, our skill is still unable to detect) and *Porter*, a native of Danvers, but for a few years an eminent attorney in Salem, both died in England; the former, then a paper-manufacturer at Bungay in Suffolk, Aug. 1812, the latter in London, June, 1798. All these names are to be found in the *Black List*, Hooper's excepted; an omission not easy to explain, since his property in M. became confiscate [See Bost. Gaz. May 14, 1781]; but not at all more singular than that of *Col. Frye* of Salem, 'Master' *John Lovell* of Boston, *Edward Winslow* of Plymouth, (the father,—for the son, his namesake does not escape,) and perhaps nearly a dozen others that readily recur to mind. Two classmates more, episcopal ministers, *Hunt* at New-Providence in the Bahamas, and *Fisher* at Granville [?] Nov. Sc., it is no unlikely surmise, were seeking in these distant spots, refuge from the contest or even shelter under the royal wing. Fisher came on the verge of the Peace [1782] to Salem, and passed the thirty years of his life to its close [Dec. 1812] as Rector of St. Peter's church in that place. To sum up the series, *Sampson Stoddard* of Chelmsford (a great name in that place) will not be unjustly classed with the above, if the father's reputation at home, be a fair ground of inference as to the son: but his politics did not perhaps betray itself in any overt or offensive form, and it is certain at least, that he did not renounce his native land.

Judge B. has left behind him in the race, the longest-lived of his classmates by more than TEN years. *Col. Pickering* of Salem, one of the *three* latest survivors, died Jan. 29, 1829, (84.) The last of the trio, *Samuel Perley*, settled successively at three several places in New Hampshire, and finally in Gray, Me. finished his course at the latter, Nov. 28, 1831, (89.) Of the *thirty six hundred* departed sons of Harvard, our living Methuselah, (with the exception of the venerated Dr. Holyoke) has alone fairly rounded his century; Mr. Porter, of Ashfield, on Connecticut river [H. U. 1745] who died Feb. 1820, having failed only one month of that memorable mark.¶

That the usual concomitants of such longevity should be here also found in its train, is almost a thing of course. It has been well known for four or five years past that decay had been coming over the mind of this centennial patriarch; and on the recent progress (Autumn of 1840) of the Hon. J. Q. Adams through the Province of Nova Scotia, by whom Judge B. also was visited, this fact was anew confirmed.

We are aware to what length this sketch has run; yet it would be imperfect, did we fail to add one circumstance more, new, (we may say without scruple,) to almost every reader, yet which no reader but will wish to know:—There yet lives ** in this city, long sequestered from the world, a sister of the distinguished graduate before us, a widow of more than sixty years date, and 'whose days have almost even run with his,' (98); a coincidence alike extraordinary and touching. The husband of the latter, a Lieutenant of Marines in the continental frigate Alliance, the favorite and fortunate ship of our early Navy, fell in an engagement with the British sloops of war Atalante and Trepasa, on one of her last passages from France, May, 1781. Though not without inducements to the contrary therefore, it is worthy of record that Judge B. has never, as we are told, revisited the place of his birth and his youth, since he went forth from it an exile, with the flaming sword behind him, interdicting his return.

§ In such a connexion as this, and for the sake of the curious in such matters, few as they are, it may not be amiss to specify the twelve Alumni who have reached the highest point of longevity. Those unasterised, (it will be observed,) are a quarter part of the whole—we presume not to number their days, but give their age at the moment we are writing.

¶ No other class can show so many instances of the highest judicial elevation. Three refugee Judges of the Supreme Court! to which must be added the *Hon. Nathan Cushing* of Scituate,—a zealous Whig—who deeply ingratiated himself with the popular party by the spirit of his decisions, as first Judge of Admiralty in 1776, against captured British vessels; and who at a later period [1789-1801] was one of the highest Bench of Massachusetts. There is yet one other distinction which the Class of 1763 appropriates. The *first English Oration*, ever heard upon the Commencement boards was pronounced by *Jed. Huntington* of Norwich, Conn., (afterwards well known as a General officer in our Revolutionary contest, and father of the late Rev. Josh H. of the Old South Ch.) Academical exercises to this time had been wholly in the ancient languages.

** The statement in the text ceased to be true, while the Manuscript was in the hands of the first publisher. Mrs. Pritchard, the sister referred to, died at the house of her daughter in Poplar st. Apr. 1st.

* 1746. Dr. E. A. Holyoke of Salem, died March 31, 1829, 100 years 7 months.

* 1765. Hon. S. S. Blowers, Halifax, N. S., 100 years.

* 1745. Rev. N. Porter, Minister of Chebacco Parish (Ipswich) and of Ashfield, died Feb. 29, 1820, 99 11-12 years.

* 1759. Hon. Paine Wingate, Minister a few years at Hampton Falls, N. H., and afterwards in high civil trusts, died at Stratham, N. H., March 7, 1838, 98 5 6 years.

* 1744. Col. Peter Frye, formerly of Salem, and in various public trusts, died (as a refugee) at Camberwell, Surrey, near London, Feb. 1, 1820, (his birthday) 97 years.

* 1712. Mr. John Nutting, Salem, successively Grammar-Schoolmaster Register of Deeds and Collector of the port, at different times, died May 20, 1790, 96 1-3 years.

* 1753. Rev. Peter Thacher Smith, Minister of Windham, Me. [1762-'90] d. as P. T. S. 'Esq.' Oct. 1826, 95 1-4 years.

1765. Dr. Ezra Green, Surgeon in the Continental Navy, under John Paul Jones, and since Physician in Dover, N. H., 95 5 6 years.

* 1728. Thaddeus Mason, Esq. Register of Deeds for Middlesex, died at Cambridge, May 1, 1802, 95 1-3 years.

1767. Hon. Timothy Farrar, New Ipswich, N. H., formerly a Judge of the S. J. C. of N. H., 94 2-3 years.

* 1741. Mr. Joseph Waldo, merchant in Boston, died (as a refugee) in Bristol, Eng. April 1816, 94 years.

* 1710. Rev. Joseph Adams, Minister of Newington, N. H., 67 1-2 years, died May 26, 1783, 94 years.

APRIL 2, 1842.

FRANKLIN EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of this Association will be holden at Bernardston on Monday, the 18th inst.

BY ORDER OF THE SCRIBE.

Northfield, April 11th, 1842.

IT IS GOOD TO BE ZEALOUSLY AFFECTED IN A GOOD THING.

The meeting notified in our last, was held in the Hall in Temple Avenue on Tuesday evening. The Report of the Committee was read and accepted. The meeting was addressed by Rev. Dr. Parkman, Rev. Messrs. Young, Barrett, Clarke, Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, of Salem, Messrs. Greele, Pray, Fuller, Daniels and others. We have not room for a synopsis of the report. It presents, in our judgment, a judicious and practicable plan by which larger means may be raised in our denomination and more strenuous efforts made to comfort and strengthen feeble societies in New England, to employ more missionaries, and to promote theological education. It was entrusted to a Committee of fifty to bring the matter before the public in such form as they may deem best.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

The number of subscribers in the Federal Street Branch, is, at present, one hundred and two, amounting, with the West church and First and Second Church branches, to four hundred and forty-three subscribers in the four branches, which are nearly or quite complete. Subscriptions in four branches are still incomplete, and in the remainder not begun.

ERRATUM.—In the communication of W. S. in the Register of April 2d, 54th line of the 2d column, for 'did occur' read, 'did *not* occur.'

*** The Treasurer of the Boston Port Society, acknowledges the receipt of Twenty Dollars, from the Ladies of the Rev. James F. Clarke's Society, to constitute him a Life Member of the Boston Port Society.

*** The Treasurer of the Boston Port Society, acknowledges the receipt of Twenty Dollars, from the Ladies of the Rev. A. B. Muzzey's Society, Cambridgeport, to constitute him a Life Member of the Boston Port Society.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

The Annual Meeting of the Association for the support of this Institution will take place at the Chapel, on Sunday evening, April 17th, at 7 o'clock. The Report will be read. And Addresses are expected from Dr. Walter Channing, Rev. T. B. Fox, and other gentlemen. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

WORCESTER ASSOCIATION.

The Members of the Worcester Association are hereby notified, that their next Meeting will be holden at Leicester on Tuesday & Wednesday, 19th and 20th inst. The Brethren will meet at 5 and the public services commence at 6 1-2 on Tuesday.

A. Hill, SCRIBE.

April 11th, 1842.

OBITUARIES.

For the Register and Observer.

MRS. HANNAH JOY.

Messrs. Editors,—On my return home from a recent journey I looked in vain in your paper for some sketch of a character so admirable as that of the late Mrs. Hannah Joy. From what motives of delicacy or respect to the dead, this duty to the survivor has been omitted, I know not. I think that a community in which she was so much known and beloved cannot suffer a name so dear to pass away in silence.

Mrs. Joy was a person of such immaculate innocence that she recommended the world in which she lived. That society to which we all conform, might well be proud to contain within it her gentle spirit. She was a lady in whom benevolence was the inspiration, and beneficence the expiration of every breath; a person who adorned the apartment in which she sat, with gentleness and piety; so that her presence was an honor and a beauty to any house and any company. She was a woman of a singularly pure and lovely nature, of the greatest lowliness of mind, swift to find faults in herself, and the only person who was ever able to detect them; a person on whom sat by nature a certain beauty of behaviour which consecrated her in every company like the circle of light which painters draw around the heads of saints. She was a piece of pure kindness—the will to do good from the manifest propriety of it, and the impossibility of doing otherwise. Although rich, yet habitually modest in her own expense, she delighted from youth to age in constant acts of generosity performed to great numbers of persons, and proceeding to her last moment from the same glow of affection, which the frosts of age did not cool. Her extreme delicacy made it as graceful and honorable to accept from her a benefit as it is often ungrateful and odious. She had that more than royal grace of giving which confers an honor as well as a favor in every action. We are all the debtors of that soul which wears the weeds of our nature with dignity and faith, and her behaviour was so charming that men of fine intellect and men of great energy of action might well pause respectfully before a woman so excellent in her kind; and such men did pay her in proportion to their own force the homage of their deference.

Her errand in the world being to soothe grief, to feed the hungry, to clothe the poor, and to persuade the perverse, she confined herself to these offices, and never undertook the reform of mankind, but poured out the treasures of that excellent spirit which was in her, there where her birth had placed her, in the bosom of refined society, on those objects which always promptly appear to the love which searches for them. She was an astral lamp in the midst of the house shedding on a happy company a steady mild and social radiance.

Her politeness was native and was not kept for holidays and for strangers, but was as flowing toward every member of her family as to the most honored stranger. This gentle soul knowing that her will was law for all around her, used a prudence in speaking, an abstemiousness in expressing her own wishes in reference to the action of her children or friends, until she had drawn from them the expression of their own.

Her death was calm and noble as a sunset, but there was no elevation in it over the most unmarked hour of her long life. As much conscience, as much feeling of propriety raised every hour, as raised the last. Only perhaps she used a more cautious truth in her conversation, lest she should deceive herself or deceive others in the expression of her thoughts upon her approaching ascension.

For the Register and Observer.

MRS. CLAP AND MRS. GREELE.

Our city has been lately visited by an epidemic disorder, which has swept away many of our most valuable citizens. The fell destroyer has seized upon old and young. He, whose hairs were silvered by the cares of many years, and the youth, whose talents promised a long course of usefulness, have passed on in solemn procession, to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." The gloomy hearse has carried many a beloved one to the cold mansions of the grave.

Among those, who have been taken away, were two sisters; the elder at the age of sixty-one, and the other at fifty-eight; and although somewhat advanced in years, their state of health had been usually so good, as seemed to promise a still longer course of usefulness among us. They both died of the same disorder, within a few weeks of each other, and left a void in the hearts of a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances. Born to competence and station, they delighted more in the performance of the beautiful charities of life, than in seeking for those pleasures, which the world is always ready to bestow upon its wealthy votaries. Their many virtues were doubled by the possession of affections naturally kind and warm, which, if nature denies, no after effort can ever sufficiently bestow.

These lamented ladies were the only surviving daughters of the late Hon. Robert Treat Paine, a gentleman highly distinguished for his sound mind, great attainments and perfect integrity, and a judge in the Superior Court in Massachusetts, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The elder of them was the relict of the late Elisha Clap Esq., well known in this neighborhood, for his knowledge and virtues; and the younger, at the time of her death, was the wife of Samuel Greele Esq. These ladies, in all their labors, were influenced by a Christian spirit, and invariably "did to others, what they would wish others to do to them." Firm in their religious sentiments, they never doubted that a pure and virtuous life would insure to them the blessings, which the Saviour has promised to the good and faithful."

Mrs. Clap and Mrs. Greele were never separated but a few days during their lives. Their union was so intimate, that the same blow, that severed the tie, which united them occasioned the death of the survivor—thus illustrating the truth and beauty of that expression; "They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

But they have passed from among us, and it will not be easy to fill their places with individuals of greater worth. We submit without repining to a dispensation, which we could not prevent; for who shall stay the hand of the Almighty, and say 'It were better thus.' In another world, we hope to enjoy again the society of those, who have been dear to us here; while in this, we must have resource for our consolation to those teachings, which the Scriptures alone contain; and which alone can give solace to the aching heart. They will cause hope to spring within us, like the flower that blossoms upon the sod of the grave. Then we may say 'It is good that we have been afflicted.'

It requires but little experience to teach us, that it is on goodness alone that we can rely. The blandishments of life will not support us in the hour of trial; for beauty is a fading flower, and lasts but a day; the applauses of the world are empty sounds; and riches are as fleeting as the morning dews; but the virtues and the charities of the soul, shall last forever.

Boston March 10th.

THE LATE HON. DANIEL SARGENT.

Died, in this city, on the 2d inst. in the 78th year of his age, Hon. DANIEL SARGENT. He was born in Gloucester, Ms on the 15th June, 1764, and adopting when of age the profession of his father, that of a merchant, soon distinguished himself, by his ability, honor and integrity.

To his name had been prefixed by courtesy the title of Honorable, but nature had stamped it upon his forehead, with her own broad seal, from the hour of his birth. There is no need of sculptured marble, or a labored epitaph, to say who and what he was—for his manly virtues, his unostentatious charities his kindness and good will, were so well known, that it is unnecessary to recapitulate truths so strong, and which are engraven on the hearts of many.

He had always that respect for others, which ensured his own, and with it a delicacy which won all hearts, and a fervor which commanded love and admiration. No eye was moistened by the tear of affliction, but met his glistening in return; and he listened to the tale of sorrow or deprivation, and made it his own. Entrusted with the confidence of his fellow citizens in many public capacities, both civil and military, in the Legislature, in the Treasury of the Commonwealth, in the Senate, he performed all these duties with ability, in egrity and honor to himself and them.

For him we have nothing to regret; for though his duties are over, he finished them well, and in doing so he labored with his constant companions, Conscience and Religion—not that self-styled Religion which displays itself abroad and on the house tops; but in the calm, quiet solitude of his own thoughts; in the silent prayer; in the inward, hourly acknowledgement of a God.

He possessed the highest reverential feeling, amounting to chivalry, for his own country, and for those who did honor to it; and the names of Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Ames, and all the patriots of those times, 'were familiar in his mouth as household words, and freshly remembered.'

He was truly devoted to those he loved on earth, as numberless acts of kindness have shown, and when the nearest and dearest were separated from him, he submitted without a murmur. He indulged in no paroxysm of grief, for he finely trusted in his God, and recognised His hand in every thing; but the memories of the dear departed, never were forgotten. Some sweet memento was wept over in silence; some flower or autumnal leaf was annually plucked from their graves.

He died, as he did live, in peace and in immortal hope, and it can be truly said, 'that he did what he did in a general honest thought and common good to all—his life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up and say to all the world—*This was a Man.*'—*Daily Adv.*

MRS. ELIZABETH E. ELLIS.

It is our painful duty to record the sudden death of Mrs Elizabeth E. Ellis, consort of the Rev. George E. Ellis, Pastor of the Harvard Church in Charlestown, Mass. She died on Friday (last) night at 11 o'clock, after a painful sickness of three days. Mrs Ellis attended Church on the Sabbath, apparently enjoying good health, and united with the church in the communion service. She was a daughter of Wm. Eager, Esq. lately of Boston, and came to this town soon after the settlement of Mr Ellis, about two years ago. From her amiable and lady-like character, and her many kind and Christian virtues, she had endeared herself to all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, and particularly to the members of the Harvard Church Society, with whom she was in the most intimate acquaintance.—Mrs Ellis was only 27 years of age; and the suddenness with which she has been snatched away from her husband and friends—so early in life—is an event of deep affliction and the most poignant sorrow to them, which, we trust, may not be without their sanctifying influences. She has left an only child.—[Charlestown (Mass.) Aurora, Ap. 9]

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mayor of Baltimore.—Col. Solomon Hillen was recently elected Mayor, of the city of Baltimore. The Lutheran Observer, of Baltimore, after the remark that Col. Hillen is a Roman Catholic, says:—

'In our city the Romanists are *Romanists* and vote for themselves, but the Protestants are not all Protestants; and hence the party that propose a Romanist for public office are always most likely to succeed.'

The Coal Trade.—The Philadelphia North American says:—

'From present appearances, the prices of coal will be unusually low this season in the interior of this State. The Schuylkill Navigation Company have wisely put down their toll to the lowest point consistent with the interest of the stockholders. Freights will therefore open unusually low on this canal, and the price of labor must necessarily decline in a corresponding ratio with the decline experienced in all kinds of produce, and almost all descriptions of goods. We believe that contracts for coal can now be made on very favorable terms for future delivery.

Advocate of Peace.—This is a monthly publication, making a volume of about 300 pages a year. It is the organ of the American Peace Society, and is devoted to discussions, notices, and intelligence relative to the cause of Peace, and the application of Christianity to the intercourse of nations.

The subscription is one dollar a year. Names are received at the Depository 22 Court Street.

In the last number of the Advocate, we find several good articles. Among them is one on the causes or circumstances favorable to Peace, in which we find the following remarks.

'Much dependance is to be placed upon the influence of trade and commerce to unite nations in bonds of friendship. Much is to be placed upon the fact that Lyons starves, if France goes to war, and Birmingham and Lowell must be ruined, if England and America fight. A million hungry operatives in Manchester, Sheffield and Preston, constitute an insecure basis, on which to rest, while engaging in the game of war. But while commerce and economy, while the gradual diffusion of intelligence and Christian principles are demonstrating the folly of war, and compelling governments to peace, the Christian mind cannot but believe that causes may be put in operation, not yet at work, or that those now in operation, may be accelerated, so as to hasten on the period of permanent international peace.

Prussia.—The population of Prussia, according to the Report of the director of the Statistical Beaureau at Berlin amounts to 14,907,097. The division of this population, as to religions is as follows:—

Lutherans and Reformed,	8,604,748
Roman Catholics,	5,294,003
Greek Church,	1,300
Mennonites,	14,495
Jews,	183,679

Sandwich Islands.—The annual report of the Sandwich Islands Mission, dated in June last, states that the number of natives now belonging to the Churches there is 16,893.

The number of free schools for children, are reported at 350, embracing 18,000 pupils. About one third of these can read. We are told that 'liberal provision for the support of free shools has been made by the Government of the islands, and various laws enacted to secure attendance on the schools and in other ways to give stability to the system.'

A Dreadful Accident.—Loss of Lieut Borden and Fifteen Men—We understand that information was yesterday received at the Navy Department, that the U. S. steam frgate Missouri, Captain J. T. Newton, in ascending the Potomac river, on her way to Washington, with a pilot on board, ran aground on Monday, opposite the harbor of Port Tobacco—Every effort was immediately made to get her off, by backing her engines and taking the guns and other weighty articles aft. Lieut. John F. Borden was sent out in charge of a boat's crew, with an anchor, for the purpose of heaving her off; when by some means the boat was most unfortunately swamped, and this meritorious officer and fifteen men perished, while in the faithful performance of their duty.

Security against Steam-Boiler Explosions.—A patent has recently been obtained by Capt. Easton, of Alabama, for an improved safety apparatus to be applied to steam-boilers, the action of which depends upon the use of a fusible alloy, which is applied in a new and apparently efficient manner. The alloy is contained in two small cylinders, which are placed on the top of the flue within the boiler, and at the instant the heat becomes sufficient to fuse that part of the alloy that is in contact with the flue, a valve, which opens inwards, admits water and steam from the boiler into the flue, and consequently into the fire, which immediately lowers the temperature and takes off the tension of the steam. The apparatus has been put into operation in the basement story of the Patent Office, on a scale sufficiently large to exhibit the result in a very satisfactory manner. The action appears to be certain, and the operation can be repeated a great number of times without its being necessary to renew the alloy, and without affecting the degree of heat at which it fuses. Immediately after the temperature of the steam has been reduced, the engine can be again put into action, thus entirely avoiding the detention consequent upon some analagous plans which had been previously devised. It has been examined by several individuals competent to form a judgment in such matters, and has appeared to them well calculated to attain the end proposed by the inventor.

Liberal Donation.—Paul Beck, Esq., well known as one of the oldest and wealthiest among the retired merchants of Philadelphia, has just presented to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts his entire collection of paintings. This was made on condition that a note held by the United States Bank for upwards of one thousand dollars, loaned the Academy, to assist in paying for WEST'S *great Picture of Death on the Pale Horse*, should immediately be taken up. Mr. Beck also contributed one hundred dollars for this purpose—some of the directors promptly loaned the balance of the sum required to take up the note, and have thus secured the collection for the academy. It consists of about twenty pictures, a number of them of established reputation, and consequently of considerable value. We take pleasure in recording such acts of liberality, and congratulate the stockholders of the Academy on their good fortune in securing this addition to their collection, already by far the largest and most valuable in this country, in paintings, statues, casts, prints, and highly illustrated works. Three of the paintings in this collection cost upwards of $12,000. The Bonaparte donation is valued at $10,000, and the whole collection at $40 to $50,000.—*North-American.*

Spain.—There are many indications of further revolutionary movements in Spain, though hostilities had not yet actually broken out. An union between the Christinos and Carlists was said to have taken place to a considerable extent, under the auspices of the French influence, the object of which was the expulsion of Espartero, and the demolition of the British influence in the Peninsula. The union of the son of Don Carlos with the Queen Isabella was publicly talked of, and considered as settled. There had been some disturbances at Barcelona, but their nature, extent and objects, are not clearly given in the English papers.

Singular Delusion.—For some weeks past a singular impression has been entertained by the lower classes of Irish residing in the metropolis, and its environs, that London is to be destroyed by an earthquake; and the day fixed for this event, which is to swallow up the capital of the British empire, is the 16th of March. A great many Irish people have already left the metropolis for distant parts of the country and for Ireland, and others are preparing to follow, to evade the earthquake; and the excitement among the natives of the sister Isle in the eastern part of the metropolis is very great.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Mr Waterston, Mr G. Pierce to Miss E. Parker.

By Rev Mr Gray, Mr Daniel Swan to Miss Betsey Langley.

In East Cambridge, 6 inst. by Rev Mr Lambert, Mr George R. Taylor to Miss Betsey Shales.

In Roxbury, on the 12th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Hague, J. Moore Taylor, of New York City, to Miss Harriet A. Gragg, of the former place.

At East Lexington, Mr George D. Marsh, of Boston, to Miss Mary Ann Morrell, of L.

At Grafton, 5th inst, by Rev C. Palfrey, Mr Winthrop Faulkner to Miss Emeline, daughter of Pardon Aldrich Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Rebecca Ann Hay, 36.

In Dorchester on the 1st inst Margarette, D. Carlton aged 24—on the 12 inst Joseph P Bradlee Carlton, 9, son and daughter of Wm. and Mary Carlton.

In Ashby, of consumption, Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth, wife of Rev. Reuben Bates, aged 33 years.

In this city, on Saturday morning, very suddenly, Rev John Peak, 81:

On Saturday, very suddenly, Mrs Margaret Babcock, aged 54; also, Mr Alpheus Babcock, 57, who died within eighteen hours of his wife

On 10th inst, Rev Edward Richmond, D. D., 75.

Frances Ann, daughter of Robert Farley, Esq, 15.

On Saturday evening last, Mrs Ann Frances, wife of Mr Lemuel Lyon, and daughter of Israel Whitney, Esq, of Needham, aged 31.

On 8th inst, Miss Helen Augusta Atkins, 24.

On 9th inst, Clara, eldest daughter of Benj R and Eliza M. Curtis 7 years.

On the 3d inst. Mrs Mary, wife of the late Dea. James Morrill, aged 82.

On Monday evening, M. W. B. Emmons, aged 3 yrs and 6 mos. son of Joshua Emmons, Jr.

On Tuesday morning last, Mr William B. Bradford Jr.

On 4th inst, Ferdinand G. Morrill, only son of Dr Samuel Morrill, 3 years.

In Lexington, 5th inst. Mr William Clapp, 56.

In Hopkinton, 1st inst. Mr Joseph Morse, 74.

In Sudbury, 4th inst after a short and distressing illness, Jerusha, widow of Adam Howe.

In Southborough, Capt Benj. Parker, 67; Mr Elijah Flagg, 69.

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POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

The path of the just is like the rising light, that shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Prov. IV, 28.

'First the blade, then the ear; after that, the full corn in the ear.' Mark. IV, 28.

The Earth in silence slept,
Till God the stillness broke;
Then sea and land, by his command,
To teeming life awoke,
Not all at once perfection shone,
In Six day's time, the task was done.

Ive seen at early dawn
The fading stars of even,
More faint and far, each little star
As Morn came forth in Heaven;
Now one by one, they passed away
And then shone out the perfect day.

The seed in earth is hid,
And then comes forth the flower;
Now bending low, the plant must bow
Before the tempest's power,
Amid the blast it thrives and grows,
And now we see the full blown Rose.

Then Christian would'st thou learn,
Come, lend a willing ear,
N. sudden sight, shall cause the night,
Of doubt to disappear.
Thy sins like mists at dawn of day,
Before the sun shall fade away.

J. S. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LITTLE VICTORIES.

'O, mother, if I am so lame, I can never be a soldier or a sailor,—I can never go round the world!'

And Hugh burst into tears, now more really afflicted than he had been yet. His mother sat on the bed beside him, and wiped away his tears as they flowed, while he told her, as well as his sobs would let him, how long and how much he had reckoned on going round the world, and how little he cared for anything else in the future; and now this was just the very thing he should never be able to do! He had practised climbing ever since he could remember;—and now that was of no use;—he had practised marching, and now he should never march again. When he had finished his complaint, there was a pause, and his mother said,

'Hugh, do you remember Richard Grant?'

'What,—the cabinet-maker? The man who carved so beautifully?'

'Yes. Do you remember——No, you could hardly have known: but I will tell you. He had planned a most beautiful set of carvings in wood for a chapel belonging to a nobleman's mansion. He was to be well paid,—his work was so superior; and he would be able to make his parents comfortable, as well as his wife and children. But the thing he most cared for was the honor of producing a noble work which would outlive him. Well, at the very beginning of his task, his chisel flew up against his wrist; and the narrow cut that it made—not more than half an inch wide—made his right hand entirely useless for life. He could never again hold a tool;—his work was gone,—his business in life seemed over,—the support of the whole family was taken away,—and the only strong wish Richard Grant had in the world was disappointed.'

Hugh hid his face with his handkerchief, and his mother went on:

'You have heard of Huber.'

'The man who found out so much about bees. Miss Harold read that account to us.'

'Bees and ants. When Huber had discovered more than had ever been known before about bees and ants, and when he was sure he could learn more still, and was more and more anxious to peep and pry into their tiny homes, and their curious ways Huber became blind.'

Hugh sighed, and his mother went on:

'Did you ever hear of Beethoven? He was one of the greatest musical composers that ever lived. His great, his sole delight was in music. It was the passion of his life. When all his time and all his mind were given to music, he became deaf—perfectly deaf; so that he never more heard one single note from the loudest orchestra. While crowds were moved and delighted with his compositions, it was all silence to him.'

Hugh said nothing.

'Now, do you think,' asked his mother,—and Hugh saw by the grey light that began to shine in, that she smiled—'do you think that these people were without a heavenly Parent?'

'O no! But were they all patient?'

'Yes, in their different ways and degrees. Would you say that they were hardly treated? Or would you rather suppose that their Father gave them something more and better to do than they had planned for themselves?'

'He must know best, of course: but it does seem hard that that very thing should happen to them. Huber would not have so much minded being deaf, perhaps; or that musical man being blind; or Richard Grant losing his foot, instead of his hand: for he did not want to go round the world.'

'No doubt their hearts often swelled within them at their disappointments: but I fully believe that they found very soon that God's will was wiser than their wishes. They found, if they bore their trial well, that there was work for their hearts to do, far nobler than any work that the head can do through the eye, and the ear, and the hand. And they soon felt a new and delicious pleasure, which none but the bitterly disappointed can feel.'

'What is that?'

'The pleasure of rousing their souls to bear pain, and of agreeing with God silently, when nobody knows what is in their hearts. There is a great pleasure in the exercise of the body,—in making the heart beat, and the limbs glow, in a run by the seaside, or a game in the play-ground; but this is nothing to the pleasure there is in exercising one's soul in bearing pain,—in finding one's heart glow with the hope that one is pleasing God.'

'Shall I feel that pleasure?'

'Often and often, I have no doubt,—every time that you can willingly give up your wish to be a soldier or a sailor,—or anything else that you have set your mind upon, if you can smile to yourself, and say that you will be content at home.—Well, I don't expect it of you yet. I dare say it was long a bitter thing to Beethoven to see hundreds of people in raptures with his music, when he could not hear a note of it. And Huber——'

'But did Beethoven get to smile?'

'If he did, he was happier than all the fine music in the world could have made him.'

'I wonder—O! I wonder if I ever shall feel so.'

'We will pray to God that you may. Shall we ask Him now?'

Hugh clasped his hands. His mother kneeled beside the bed, and, in a very few words, prayed that Hugh might be able to bear his misfortune well and that his friends might give him such help and comfort as God should approve.

Hugh found himself subject to very painful feelings sometimes.—such as no one quite understood, and such as he feared no one was able to pity as they deserved. A surprise of this sort happened to him the evening before his father was to come to see him, and to fetch away his mother.

It was the dark hour in the afternoon,—the hour when Mrs. Proctor and her children enjoyed every day a quiet talk, before Mr. Shaw came to carry Hugh into his aunt's parlor to tea. Nothing could be merrier than Hugh had been; and his mother and Agnes were chatting when they thought they heard a sob from the sofa. They spoke to Hugh, and found that he was indeed crying bitterly.

'What is it, my dear?' said his mother. 'Agnes, have we said anything that could hurt him?'

'No, no,' sobbed Hugh. 'I will tell you presently.'

And presently he told them that he was so busily listening to what they said, that he forgot every thing else, when he felt as if something had got between two of his toes; unconsciously he put his hand down, and his foot was not there! Nothing could be plainer than the feeling in his toes; and then, when he put out his hand and found nothing, it was so terrible—it startled him so—

It was a comfort to him find that his mother knew all about this. She came and kneeled beside his sofa, and told him that many persons who had lost a limb considered this odd feeling the most painful thing they had to bear for some time; but that, though the feeling would return occasionally through life, it would cease to be painful. When he had become so used to do without his foot as to leave off wanting or wishing for it, he would perhaps make a joke of the feeling, instead of being disappointed. At least she knew that some people did so who had lost a limb.

This did not comfort Hugh much, for every prospect had suddenly become darkened. He said he did not know how he should bear his misfortune;—he was pretty sure he could not bear it. It seemed so long already since it had happened! And when he thought of the long, long days, and months, and years, to the end of his life, and that he should never run and play, and never be like other people, and never able to do the commonest things without labor and trouble, he wished he was dead. He had rather have died.

Agnes thought he must be miserable indeed, if he could venture to say this to his mother. She glanced at her mother's face; but there was no displeasure there. Mrs. Proctor said this feeling was very natural. She had felt it herself, under smaller misfortunes than Hugh's: but she had found that, though the prospect appears all strewn with troubles, they come singly, and are not worth minding, after all. She told Hugh that, when she was a little girl very lazy,—fond of her bed,—fond of her book, and not at all fond of washing and dressing—

'Why, mother! you! exclaimed Hugh.

'Yes; that was the sort of little girl I was. Well, I was in despair, one day, at the thought that I should have to wash and clean my teeth, and brush my hair and put on every daily article of dress, every morning as long as I lived. There was nothing I disliked so much; and yet it was the thing that must be done every day of my whole life.'

'Did you tell anybody?' asked Hugh.

'No; I was ashamed to do that; but I remember I cried. You see how it turned out. Grown people, who have got to do everything by habit, so easily as not to think about it, wash and dress every morning, without ever being weary of it. We do not consider so much as once a year what we are doing at dressing-time, though at seven years old it is a very laborious and tiresome affair to get ready for breakfast.

'It is the same about writing letters,' observed Agnes. 'The first letter I ever wrote was to aunt Shaw; and it took so long, and was so tiresome, that, when I thought of all the exercises I should have to write for Miss Harold, and all the letters that I must send to my relations when I grow up, I would have given everything I had in the world not to have learned to write. O! how I pitied papa, when I saw sometimes the pile of letters that were lying to go to the post!'

'And how do you like corresponding with Phil now?'

Agnes owned, with blushes, that she still dreaded the task for some days before, and felt particularly gay when it was done. Her mother believed that, if infants could think and look forward, they would be far more terrified with the prospect of having to walk on their two legs all their lives, than lame people could be at having to learn the art in part over again. Grown people are apt to doubt whether they can learn a new language, though children make no difficulty about: the reason of which is, that grown people see at one view the whole labor, while children do not look beyond their daily task. Experience, however, always brings relief. Experience shows that every effort comes at its proper time, and that there is variety or rest in the intervals. People who have to wash and dress every morning have other things to do in the afterpart of the day; and, as the old fable tells us, the clock that has to tick, before it is worn out, so many millions of times as it perplexes the mind to think of, has exactly the same number of seconds to do it in; so that it never has more work on its hands than it can get through. So Hugh would find that he could move about, on each separate occasion, as he wanted; and practice would, in time, enable him to do it without any more thought than it now cost him to put all the bones of his hands in order, so as to carry his tea and bread and butter to his mouth.

'But that is not all,—nor half what I mean,' said Hugh.

'No, my dear; nor half what you will have to make up your mind to bear. You will have a great deal to bear, Hugh. You resolved to bear it all patiently, I remember; but what is it that you dread the most?'

'O! all manner of things. I can never do things like other people.'

'Some things. You can never play cricket, as every Crofton boy would like to do. You can never dance at your sisters' Christmas parties.'

'Oh! mamma!' cried Agnes, with tears in her eyes, and the thought in her mind that it was cruel to talk so.

'Go on! Go on!' cried Hugh, brightening. 'You know what I feel, mother; and you don't keep telling me, as aunt Shaw does (and even Agnes sometimes), that it won't signify much, and that I shall not care, and all that; making out that it is no misfortune hardly, when I know what it is and they don't.'

'That is a common way of trying to give comfort, and it is kindly meant,' said Mrs. Proctor. 'But those who have suffered much themselves know a better way. The best way is not to deny any of the trouble or the sorrow, aad not to press on the sufferer any comforts which he cannot now see and enjoy. If comforts arise, he will enjoy them as they come.'

'Now then, go on,' said Hugh. 'What else?'

'There will be little checks and mortifications continually,—when you see boys leaping over this, and climbing that, and playing at the other, while you must stand out and can only look on. And some people will pity you in a way you don't like: and some .. ay even laugh at you.'

'O, mamma!' exclaimed Agnes.

'I have seen and heard children in the street do it,' replied Mrs. Proctor. 'This is a thing almost below notice; but I mentioned it while we were reckoning up our troubles.'

'Well, what else?' said Hugh.

'Sooner or later, you will have to follow some way of life determined by this accident, instead of one that you would have liked better. But we need not think of this yet,—not till you have become quite accustomed to your lameness.'

'Well, what else?'

'I must ask you now. I can think of nothing more; and I hope there is no much else; for indeed I think here is quite enough for a boy,—or any one else,—to bear.'

'I will bear it, though,—you will see.'

'You will find great helps. These misfortunes, of themselves, strengthen one's mind. They have some advantages too. You will be a better scholar for your lameness, I have no doubt. You will read more books, and have a mind richer in thoughts. You will be more beloved:—not out of mere pity; for people in general will soon leave off pitying you, when once you learn to be active again; but because you have kept faith with your schoolfellows, and shown that you can bear pain. Yes, you will be more loved by us all; and you your-self will love God more for having given you something to bear for his sake.'—*Miss Martineau.*

WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO?

'What good will it do if I do join the Cold Water Army?' said Henry, when he found every objection he could make was easily answered.

'What good will it do?' replied Uncle Edward, 'sit down on the bank here, and I will tell you a story.'

Henry threw his skates down beside his uncle, and listened while he related the following, about

BLACK-EYED JOE.

Two or three years ago I went into a town in the State of New Hampshire to give a temperance lecture. There were many persons in the village who drank in toxicating liquors. But many came to hear me, and I noticed just as I commenced speaking, a little bright-eyed boy just about your age, who came into the Hall, and sat down near the door. He listened very attentively; and when I spoke of the cruel treatment of wives and children from intemperate men, I saw him more than once take his handkerchief and wipe away the tears. I told them the pledge would prevent all this, and make men kind and pleasant; and I told the children to sign it if they would prosper and be happy in the world. This little fellow was almost the first to put his name down; and when I asked the people who he was, they told me he was called *Black-eyed Joe*, and that his father was one of the worst drunkards in town.

It was his custom every morning to mingle rum and sugar with water, and pass it round to every one of the children, who took a little, as well as their father and mother. He would drink again at 11 o'clock at noon-time, at 4 o'clock and at supper. So that when evening came he would always be intoxicated, cruel and revengeful—sometimes he would beat his wife, sometimes his children, or shut them out of doors in the cold storms. It was this that made Joseph weep, when I told of cruelty to children; and it was this that induced him to sign the pledge.

He went home from the meeting and determined to keep his resolution. The next morning as usual, the father took out the brown jug, mixed the pitcher of poison, and handed it to Joseph first. He shook his head and declined taking it.

'Drink, Joe!' said his father.

'I do not wish for any again sir,' replied Joseph.

His father looked at him sternly a moment, and then said roughly,

'Did you go to that temperance meeting Joe?'

'Yes sir,' he replied.

'Did you sign the pledge?'

'Yes sir.'

'What did you do that for Joe?'

'Because, father, sai Joseph hesitating-ly, 'if I am ever a man, I do not want to be as you are.'

His father blushed, turned pale, stood confused a moment, and then opened the door and dashed the jug and pitcher to pieces saying,

'You shall have a father that you won't be ashamed to be like.'

From that hour he has never taken any thing that can intoxicate; and is happy himself, and renders his family happy besides; and I will venture to say that Joseph will have an answer ready for any one who asks him, 'what good will it do to sign the pledge?'

'Uncle Edward you may put my name down,' said Henry, 'and I thank you for telling me that story.'

So saying he put on his skates, and went off upon the ice, with a swift motion, to tell the story of Black-eyed Joe to his companions.—*Cold Water Army.*

FAMILIES OF LITERARY MEN.

The Quarterly Review, in discussing an objection to the Copyright Bill of Mr Sergeant Talfourd, which was taken by Sir Edward Sugden, gives some very curious particulars about the progeny of literary men. 'We are not,' says the writer, 'going to speculate about the causes of the fact—but a fact it is—that men, distinguished for extraordinary power of any sort, very rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of genius have scarcely ever done so. Men of imaginative genius, we might say, almost never. With the one exception of the noble Surrey, we cannot, at this moment, point out a representative in the male line, even so far down as in the third generation of any English poet, and we believe the case is the same in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down even in the female line. With the exceptions of Surrey, and Spencer, we are not aware of any great English author of at all remote date, from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English poet prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, and we believe no great author of any sort—except Clarendon and Shaftesbury—of whose blood we have any inheritance amongst us. Chaucer's only son died childless. Shakspeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny—nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The grand-daughter of Milton was the last of his blood. Newton, Locke, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Gray, Walpole, Cavendish—and we might greatly extend the list—never married. Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood. Mr. Renouard's last argument against a perpetuity in literary property is, that it would be founding another noblesse. Neither jealous aristocracy, nor envious Jacobinism need be under much alarm. When a human race has produced its 'bright consummate flower' in this kind, it seems commonly to be near its end.'

Poor Goldsmith might have been mentioned in the above list. The theory is illustrated in our own day. The two greatest names in science and in literature, of our time, were Davy, and Sir Walter Scott. The first died childless. Sir Walter left four children, of whom three are dead, only one of them. (Mrs Lockhart) leaving issue, and the fourth, (his eldest son) though living, and long married, has no issue. These are curious facts.

POWER OF THE VOICE OVER CHILDREN.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporeal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, or by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded. I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child accompanied by words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect. Or, the parent may use language in the correction of the child, not objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence.

We are by no means aware of the power of voice in swaying the feelings of the soul. The anecdote of a good lady in regard to her minister's sermons, is to the point. She heard a discourse from him which pleased her exceedingly. She expressed to a friend the hope that he would preach it again.

'Perhaps,' said her friend in reply, 'he may print it.' 'Ah,' said she, 'he could not print in that *holy tone.*' There is a tone in the pulpit, which, false as is the taste from which it proceeds, does indeed work wonders. So is there a tone in our intercourse with children which may be among the most efficient aids in their right education.

Let any one endeavor to recall the image of a fond mother long since at rest in heaven. Her sweet smile and ever clean countenance are brought vividly to recollection. So also is her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance. What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is no array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one in letters, syllables, and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear, that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskilfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No, it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly, does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame.

In the pressure of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to our children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone. Instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child the same we should manifest in the tone with which we address him.

There is nothing more desirable in a daughter than intelligence joined to a gentle spirit. The mind is fashioned and furnished, in the main, at school. But the character of the affections is derived chiefly from home. How inestimable is the confidence of that mother in producing kind feelings in the bosoms of her children, who never permits herself to speak to them with a loud voice, and in harsh, unkind tones.

I have heard of a father, who when his children became engaged in a dispute, would at once require them to unite in a song. The blending of their voices in harmony was soon found to subdue their angry and contentious feelings. There is a native, spontaneous, unsought music. It consists in the tones which issue from her who is overflowing with Christian love.—While, then, I would advise the mother to the culture of a pleasant voice, and warn her of the evils of addressing her children harshly, I would still more earnestly counsel her to discipline her *heart.* Out of a kind heart come naturally, kind tones. She who would train up her family in the sweet spirit of Christ, can succeed best and most enduringly of all, by cherishing such sentiments as shall seek their own unbidden expression in gentle, yet all-powerful tones.

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M. STUART.
Theological Seminary, Andover, Jan. 17, 1842.
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